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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Diary of the Times of Charles the Second. By the Hon. Henry Sidney (afterwards Earl of Romney), including his Correspondence with the Countess of Sunderland, &c. &c. Edited, with Notes, by R. W. Blencowe, Esq., A.M. 2 vols. 8vo. H. Colburn.

THE "Times" of Charles II., James II., and William III., have been so sifted by Reresby, Clarendon, Burnet, Evelyn, Sir William Temple, Dalrymple, Barillon, Ralph, Clarke, and latterly by Jesse, that we could hardly look for many important new lights, either as regards public affairs or the personages who figured in them, from any hitherto unexplored repository. These volumes accordingly corroborate previous statements, and add perhaps a few private and minor traits to the historical picture, which, upon an elaborate comparison, such as we have neither leisure nor inclination to institute, might furnish some curious illustrations of the last forty years of the seventeenth century. As it is, we find the generally received idea of that period confirmed in this diary and correspondence. We find falsehood, treachery, and deceit the leading characteristics of the politicians and statesmen; and duplicity, intrigue, and profligacy the whole life of the women. The profession of *trive aux compliments* is for ever in their mouths and on their pens, whilst there is nothing but insincerity in their hearts and villany in their actions. The hero in the centre of the groups here exhibited is worthy of the station. He was a very handsome and very unprincipled man, born in 1640, and nearly connected with the famous Sunderland family and other equally noble and equally worthless contemporaries. In public concerns he was false, and in the dissolute pursuits of gallantry heartless and abandoned. The introduction styles him "foud and successful," though he does not seem to have possessed talent enough to merit the encomium bestowed upon a Spanish envoy, and said to be coveted by the then Lord Mulgrave, of being "the terror of husbands." The ruling passion strong in death, apparently the common boast of the upper ranks of the day, is exemplified (though modified by a virtuous termination) in the following extract of a letter from the Countess of Sunderland to Mr. Sidney, in December 1678:—

"I desire you to lay out 20*l.* for me in Dutch wax candles, which my Lady Temple says are very good. I would have them four to the pound, three parts, and the fourth part six to the pound; and some tea, if you love me, for the last you gave was admirable. I send you verses, which Mr. Hobbs, just as he was dying, spoke to and upon the fair person of Lady Mary Cavendish:

'Though I am now past ninety, and too old
To expect preferment in the court of Cupid,
And many winters make me even so old,
I am become almost all over stupid;
Yet I can love, and find a mistress too,
As fair as can be, and as wise as fair.
And yet not proud; nor any thing will do
To make me to who she is, were very bold;
To tell you who she is, were very bold;
But if in character yourself you find,
Think not the man a fool, though he be old,
Who loves in body fair a fairer mind.'

I suppose you will agree with Mr. Hobbs in this his last will and testament."

In the same letter she writes:—

"The Duchess of Portsmouth* is every day more of a jade than ever, but don't understand that I mean as to France, for I believe that is quite out of her head; but I mean to every body, and in every particular; but I think she is so hampered, *'twill hurt none of us*, and so long 'tis best it appears in its true colours. 123 is really a very reasonable good sort of a person, and trust to me till you come over in this matter; you will find you have been mistaken in that particular."

We need not go into the genealogy of these people, for it will better serve our purpose, and shew the nature of the work, to point out a few of the signs of degeneracy with which it abounds. This Sidney, long minister in Holland, where he betrayed his royal master, and whilst professing love and duty to him, and attachment to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., became a devoted partisan of the Prince of Orange,—had for twenty years a mistress named Mrs. Worthley, "a person of an ancient family and highly connected, who, unfortunately for herself, upon the death of her husband, fell in Sidney's way, and lived with him as his mistress for twenty years. At length, deserted and in distress, having in vain applied to Sidney, she threw herself at the feet both of Charles and James, and published her case and her injuries to the world." The beginning of one of her expostulations to her unfeeling paramour is strikingly expressed:—

"June 18th, 1689.

"My lord,—I wish some good angel would instruct my pen to express something that would incline your lordship to moderate your hate towards me that have loved you only too well, and would increase that slender portion of love you have for your own honour. Could your lordship make cripples of my tongue and pen, by confining me to a jail, as well as my limbs, you might then hope for a conquest; but, my lord, though I am perfectly lame, and have in a manner quite lost the use of my limbs, yet my pen will never lose its vigour, nor will my tongue be silent. How happy should I now esteem myself if I could say or do any thing that would make you reassume your former good nature! but do not misconstrue me, my lord; I mean only that part of your good nature that would oblige you to do what is reasonable, and not to return to your embraces. Your lordship must pardon me if I still am perfectly yours without desiring your conversation. I am the best-natured fool living, but it is not to that degree as to be a silent fool neither. I would willingly, if your lordship pleases, take a little fresh air between this time and Michaelmas, and all that at present I desire your lordship to do is, to let me have half a year's money next Monday. You know that I have lately begged that you would be pleased to send me a 100*l.*, to pay some small debts. . . . Pray, my dear lord, do not deny me so poor a business as a little money now at Midsummer, for fear it may again transport

me to do something that will go very much against the grain with me to do towards the man that in my soul I do adore and still love too well. I wish I did not. I am sure you never loved money well enough to deny me or any body any reasonable sum out of a meanly miserable esteem for dross, but you have no other way to be revenged on me but to strip me naked and confine me; but, my lord, how poor and how ignoble a revenge is this of yours to me, a poor deluded woman, that hath loved you above myself, nay, above heaven or honour, and hath generously spent my youth with you in discontent and suffering!"

The following, in 1682, to her cousin, Lord Brandon, is more violent. She says:—"I am sorry I have any occasion to give you trouble, but much more to hear that you and Mr. Sidney are not good friends, for I am sure he has ever loved and honoured you: but, my lord, all the things in this world are fickle and inconstant as Fortune herself; but I was a little afflicted to hear Mr. Sidney say he believes I was bribed to go to Whitehall, and that he suspected you set me to work; to which I only answered, that I never had the honour yet to see your face, and that I did not know whether you had a face or no. . . . I am sorry Mr. Sidney is so credulous as to believe all the idle inventions of malicious people against me and my son, which, if he were not perfectly blind, he might see is only pure spite and malice. He treats me with a great deal of cruelty, which I think is very severe, first to have spent my precious youth so dismally as I have done, and now, for a reward of all my sufferings, to be abused and despised, and my son rejected, as if he were none of his, and all this to please his great mistress; but he will find I have more than an ordinary soul, and, though I cannot manage a sword, a pistol I can; and, if he does not think good to make me some better satisfaction for the many years of my youth which he has obliged me to spend with him, I shall pistol him, and be hanged for him, which I had rather do than sit still and starve, or be any longer a laughing-stock for any of Mr. Kirke's bastards. This you may sincerely believe from her who is, my lord, the humblest of your servants,

"GRACE WORTHLEY.

"On another occasion she treats certain warrants with which he had threatened her with singular disrespect. She tells him:—"I will make madder work than ever I have done yet; and, if it must come to that, I shall not be afraid of your taking me up with your own warrant, by virtue of your being a privy counsellor, as your man, George Watson, every quarter, when he pays me your plentiful allowance of 12*l.* 10*s.* sends me word you will; but, if you please, you may send your warrants to the common Countess of Oxford and her adulterous bastards, to be employed as all such warrants ought to be, and which, for good manners' sake, I omit to tell you how."

Upon such revelations, Mr. Blencowe remarks:—"This is among the latest of the series of her letters, and there is no further light thrown upon the history of this poor lady. Lord Romney himself survived his master and bene-

* The italics are in cipher in the original.

factor William about two years. He died of the smallpox, on the 8th of April, 1704, and was buried in St. James's Church. In point of abilities it would appear that the Earl of Romney, high and important as were many of the offices which he filled, was not rated high by his contemporaries. Swift speaks of him, as he always does of those who had offended him, which was his case, with scurrilous abuse. He calls him 'an idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour;' but such testimony is worthless. Neither is the opinion of his brother Algernon Sidney, who spoke of him in disparaging terms to Barillon, and who, from his over-estimate of himself, looked down with contempt upon all others, much to be relied upon; but that of Lord Dartmouth is, who gives the following curious account of Lord Romney's appointment to be secretary of state. 'When he was made secretary of state, the Duke of Leeds told me he happened to go into the king's closet soon after he came out, and the king asked him if he had seen the new secretary. The duke answered no, he met nobody but my Lord Romney—little thinking he could be the man. The king told him he knew he would laugh at his being so, but he could not think of a proper person at present, and knew he was the only Englishman he could put in and out again without disoblighing him. The duke said he did not laugh before, but could not forbear when he heard he was to be at the secretary's office like a footman at a play, to keep a place till his betters came.'

We are inclined to be of a very different opinion from the editor, and to believe Swift's testimony as quite conclusive. But Mr. Blencowe adds:—"As far as we can judge from his own journal, and the opinion of contemporaries, Sidney shewed no want of energy or ability when minister at the Hague; and subsequently, as the great channel of correspondence with the Prince of Orange, if success be any proof of good management and address, nothing could have been better done. And in his public character generally it is no small merit in him to have pursued an honest, straightforward, and consistent course, in times when, with the exception of Sir William Temple, and very few others, duplicity and corruption were the order of the day."

Yet this honest adherent to the Prince of Orange thus addresses the Duke of York:—"I was not less desirous when I was in England of doing your highness all the service that lay in my power in England, than I am here; but I knew that your highness had many there, so much more capable, though none more willing, that I durst never offer your royal highness mine. It may be too great a presumption in me to do it now; but, however, I will venture to tell your highness that there is no man in the world upon whom your highness may more freely lay your commands, nor that will endeavour more to have them punctually obeyed than myself."

But we will pass from him to other samples of similar deception. The Countess of Sunderland writes to him in Holland from London, Jan. 1679:—"By the express that went to you last night, you'd find, I hope, some relief to the desponding temper you were in when you wrote to me. My lord ran about and behaved himself wonderfully, as he gave you an account, and writes again to-night. Barillon, I believe, will be ready to hang himself for his lying and odious tricks; for my lord is resolved to make the king use him like a dog, and has begun it very well, I'll assure you. I suppose what my lord said to the Dutch ambassador from the king

will satisfy you and the Dutchmen very well. I am certain our friend will leave nothing in his power undone to break this business of France; and so an end to politics, for my head aches; but I am in great pain about your colic."

But to give you an account of the last fine pranks of the French ambassador upon your letter of what he had writ of the king into Holland, it has been all pursued with great warmth, and the king has hitherto done just as he should; but truly I fear there will be some scurvy patching; for the Duchess of Portsmouth is so d—d ajade, that for my part I think it is but a folly to hope; for she will certainly sell us whenever she can for 500*l.*; and so God bless you in all your proceedings!"

There is a curious letter from Godolphin to the Prince of Orange, instructing him under what pretences he is to cloud his memorable visit to England in the summer of 1681. He says, "We (i. e. Mr. Sidney and he) agreed that it must needs be well for your highness to come over at this time, but we differed a little upon the pretext you were to take for it; he seemed to think it would be best for your highness to ask the king's leave that you might come over to wait upon him, as a visit of compliment only, without pretending any business at all, which at another time might perhaps be the best way: but at this time, considering how things stand between the king and your highness, the difficulties that have risen about Mr. Skelton's going into Holland, and Mr. Sidney's commanding the troops there, I was of opinion that it would look a great deal better, and I thought be more agreeable to your inclinations, to speak out plainly upon this occasion, and to write to the king that you found yourself so much troubled and concerned for the dissatisfaction which his majesty seemed to have at your proceedings in the business of Mr. Skelton, and so apprehensive lest any other occasion might happen to increase it, that you could have no satisfaction in your own mind till you had begged his majesty's leave to come and wait upon him, and endeavour to set yourself right in his good opinion; and if your highness would please to add to this such assurances of your zeal for the king's service and his greatness as you shall think fit; of your desire to be acquainted with the measures he proposes to take, that you might be able to assist him to the utmost of your power; and of your desire to establish a good correspondence with those whom the king is pleased to trust and employ in his business: upon these advances to the king, I am sure your highness might come over hither with great advantage; and the countenance and the kindness which the king will shew you, finding you in this temper, joined to the love and esteem, and the natural inclination which people have for you here, would presently give your highness such an influence upon every body (even the ministers themselves), that you would be able to give what turn you pleased to most of our affairs here that are of the greatest importance; at least, this is my opinion of the matter, which, if I have given too bluntly or imperfectly to your highness, I do most humbly beg your pardon for it. I should not have presumed to do it at all, but that Mr. Sidney made me understand it was your highness's express pleasure and command, which shall always be most readily observed by me with the greatest respect and duty imaginable."

Sidney himself writes: "I will now make your highness a short description of our court, and the persons in it. Mr. Godolphin, Mr.

May, and two or three more, are still very honest, but have little power with the king; the others are great rogues, and betray their master every day. They make him believe by their addresses that the affairs of the kingdom are in a very good posture; which is all wrong, for, now I understand them, I find they signify nothing, and they grow every day more ridiculous. Nobody hath any credit but the duke's creatures; and they study what is good for the duke and themselves, but do not consider what is good for the king or the nation, and the affairs abroad never enter into their heads. My Lord Halifax is greatly incensed against the House of Commons, and must stick to the court (for he hath not a friend any where else), and is therefore obliged to comply sometimes against his inclination. My Lord Hyde is for what the duke would have, right or wrong. Mr. Seymour is very violent; despairs of being well with the king, if he is well with his people; and therefore does endeavour every day by his counsels to make the breach more irreconcilable, and I do verily believe he does all he can to make the king and your highness fall out. All these things I have talked over with Sir William Temple and Mr. Godolphin, who, I am confident, are as much yours as ever, and by their letters you will find they are of opinion your coming over will be of great advantage to you; they differ something in the manner, but all agree that, there being a misunderstanding between the king and your highness, and it being likely to grow worse and worse, your presence will be necessary to set all things right, which may do great good, and we do not see which way it may do you any harm; we all think that the ministers would not be glad of it, and therefore it will be requisite that this business passes only between your highness and the king."

And in June 1685, to keep up and complete the delusion, as we read in Dalrymple's Memoirs, the Prince of Orange himself thus cajoles King James:—"I would not have failed to have answered the letter which your majesty did me the honour to write me by the last post, if Mr. Sidney had not been going away. I cannot dissemble with your majesty that I could have wished your majesty had thought proper to have left him here, since I can assure you that there never was a minister in this country who succeeded better, or who did you more faithful services. It is also impossible that any person can be more zealous to your service, for which I can answer. And these are the reasons which made me and all honest people of this country regret him."

No wonder, for he was a most useful Orangist; but we will again leave the political for the feminine expositions. Here is (also from Dalrymple) the Princess Anne's account of Lord and Lady Sunderland to her sister the Princess of Orange:—"You may remember I have once before ventured to tell you, that I thought Lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day in that opinion. Every body knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late king's time, and now, to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the king to do things faster than I believe he would of himself. Things are come to that pass now, that if they go on so much longer, I believe, in a little while, no Protestant will be able to live here."

This worthy lord does not go publicly to mass, but hears it privately at a priest's chamber, and never lets any body be there but a servant

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of his. His lady, too, is as extraordinary in her kind; for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman, but she has so fawning and endearing a way, that she will deceive any body at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. She cares not at what rate she lives, but never pays any body. She will cheat, though it be for a little. Then she has had her gallants, though may be not so many as some ladies here; and with all these good qualities she is a constant church-woman, so that to outward appearance one would take her for a saint. * * * Sure there never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband; for as she is throughout in all her actions the greatest jade that ever was, so is he the subtillest workinest villain that is on the face of the earth."

A precious set were they altogether; and with them we are glad to have done. An interval from the middle of 1681 to the beginning of 1684, occurs in the correspondence; and there are only a few pages of letters in the reign of James. The continuation is headed "James II. and William III.," though some of the dates are *temp.* Charles II., which is not the only instance of defective and not clear arrangement. Burnet's recommendation of the clergy of London to William on his arrival in England, is an historical document of interest. The parties are Drs. Tillotson, Tenison, Sharp, and Wake, all afterwards archbishops; Drs. Patrick, Stillingfleet, and Fowler, afterwards bishops; Dr. Sherlock, master of the Temple; Dr. Ayrshott, dean of Windsor; and Dr. Horneck, a high German of the Palatinate.

In conclusion, we may notice that there are some horticultural and botanical matters incidentally mentioned in the correspondence, which may amuse our improved floriculturists of modern date. Thus Mr. Sidney in Holland records:—"Mr. Plot brought me some gilliflower-seed, which cost five ducatoons;" and Mr. Southwell, of King's Weston, near Bristol, 1684, writes to Evelyn:—"Your fine holly-hedge tempted me to an essay for the like in a length of above 300 feet; but the last winter and summer gave me a severe rebuke, killing, as I fear, half the sets. The rest are alive, and many of them with leaf; and I will persist to cultivate with care and patience, till all be restored and in a way of growth." [Who would have thought the hardy holly so difficult to acclimatise?]

The same gentleman is also very anxious to propagate yews and raise firs; but his account of a cider-press is, perhaps, more original:—"I know (he writes) I have tired you, and yet, for a little variety, give me leave to acquaint you that here in my neighbourhood is one Rogers, a learned famous quaker. He has erected a cider-mill, which I went, a while since, being four miles off, to visit. 'Tis seated on the Severne, and he buys up all the apples, pears, and crabs of the forest, or elsewhere. He has the river his friend for exporting as well as importing. His mill goes with three horses; the apples are squeezed by two iron rollers, somewhat indented; he grinds 500 bushels in a day. He could make one thousand hogsheds in a season if he had vent for it, but had yet not exceeded 680 in one year. He has some rare skill in making it generally good and in all kinds. He sends it to the West Indies, as well as to Ireland and the neighbourhood of Bristol, and is himself an export merchant. His general price is 4*l.* per hogshedd, and for some 5*l.*; and if any fail of being excellent in the kind, he is so tender of his credit, which is in order to his greater

gain, that he converts all the inferior sort to vinegar or brandy, in which also he drives a vigorous trade. He squeezes all in engines, so as in some to equal the weight or pressure of forty tons."

Speaking of Evelyn, we may briefly advert to an opinion of his respecting Tilbury Fort!! which he evidently considered to be no less formidable to the citizens of London, than the fortifications around Paris are represented to be to the population of that uneasy capital:—"I went over (he says) to see the new-begun fort of Tilbury—a royal work indecde—and such as will one day bridle a great city to the purpose, before they are aware."

Ten years later, Mr. Sidney in his Diary states of this imposing fortress:—"I was at Tilbury Fort, where I found nobody but a corporal and three files of musqueteers!"

Upon the whole, this publication, *quantum valent*, may deserve a place on the library-shelf; though its value is lessened in consequence of so much of it being occupied with then surmises and guesses—no doubt important speculations—at what is likely to be done, now when time has demonstrated all that really did happen.

Egypt and the Holy Land in 1842; with Sketches of Greece, Constantinople, and the Levant. By W. Drew Stent, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford. 2 vols. 12mo. Bentley.

THE poet Burns, of ploughshare erudition, spoke disparagingly of university education, and of youths, or gowks, who, from

"college classes
Gang out fools, and come home asses;"

but this canon only asserts, that travel may not produce the usual results of information and improvement upon those who start from their *alma mater* to see the world. On opening the volumes before us, evidently the production of a young Bachelor, we were forcibly struck with the conviction, that foreign travel and observation must do him good; for his outset is exceedingly juvenile and inauspicious. Holding it to be necessary to instruct those who may imitate his tour, in the requisites for performing it in an agreeable and proper manner, he tells them, that "of books, a *small* dictionary of French and Italian *must be provided*;" that is, notwithstanding they may be able to speak both languages fluently. And then he proceeds to state what other books they *must* carry with them, having previously laid down the law that their "clothes should be as strong as possible, including woollen as well as cloth garments, the coldness of the morning being often succeeded by excessive mid-day heat; the whole wardrobe should be contained in a moderate-sized leather portmanteau provided with a stout waterproof cover, and a carpet-bag with the same; for where roads are so bad that every thing is carried on the backs of mules or small horses, much baggage will occasion trouble and (if too weighty) inconvenience and delay; a thick great-coat is desirable, and a mackintosh should be taken by all means from England."

Now having these changes of dress, and a moderate-sized portmanteau and carpet-bag to contain them, you are only asked to add the following little library:—

Murray's Hand-book for the East.
Childe Harold and the Giaour, if not the Whole
Works of Byron.
Wordsworth's Greece.
Herodotus.
Wilkinson's Egypt.
Champollion's ditto.
Lane's ditto.

Robinson's Biblical Researches in Palestine; or, if too bulky,
Stevens' ditto.
Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan; and a few others.

With these and the wardrobe on their backs, we can fancy, with the poet, the mules in progress:

"Next come the *heavy* mules, securely *slant*,"
O'er Egypt's sands and Syria's wilds they go.

Note-books are also indispensable, with a plentiful supply of pens, ink, and paper (awful indications of publishing), carried in a leathern writing-desk; and a medicine-chest; and, if for a lengthened tour, such as the ex-Stent of this, "a small mattress and blanket, with a canteen containing cups, plates, knives, forks, cooking-utensils, and the usual articles, must be provided in addition; besides a supply of rice, macaroni, dried hams, and a small quantity of good spirits." Heaven help the mules; they would look as frightened at the luggage as an omnibus horse (which can read) at the inscription on the vehicle it is destined to draw—"licensed to carry not exceeding sixteen passengers, thirteen inside and three out," not including the driver and cad! The commissariat department of dried hams, if stored in the portmanteau or carpet-bag, must be likely to be improved by an occasional liquidation of the spirits, or, *vice versa*, to add an accidental flavour to the blankets (not *blanquettes de veau*) and shirts and mackintoshes, their companions in these receptacles. Nevertheless we agree that "thus armed (by the by, there are also pistols and a double-barrelled gun) the traveller may venture to bid adieu to his native shores, as with such a stock in trade he can reach Alexandria in comfort."

Yet, with all these appliances, and the assurance of the comfort they must superinduce, it is mortifying to learn that "vermin swarm so universally in the East, and are, moreover, so excessively venomous, that if the wearied traveller calculates on being even occasionally visited by the charms of soothing Morpheus, he will prepare a musquito-net, and an ample bag effectually closed at the bottom and end of the sleeves, being open only at the neck, round which it must be drawn within an ace of suffocation. A capote costs but little, and is extremely useful: it is easily procurable in the Ionian isles, Patras, or Athens; and being lined with wool or goat's hair, affords effectual protection against wet and cold."

Another plague is mentioned, with a figure of speech at the close not very classical for a B.A. of Wadham. "All bills" (he says) "*must be*" (the "*must*" is very absolute) "discharged with the least possible delay, if the traveller have the slightest regard for his pocket, so universal is the law for victimising—so prevalent the idea that the purse of an Englishman can have no end, but rather, like the hydra's head, increases from each assault made upon it." And this is the first we ever heard of the hydra's head getting more bulky in consequence of the thumps it received; just as if that extraordinary beast were a pugilist or coalheaver.

It may seem unkindly in us, having only shewn how our author was prepared for skirting Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey, that we should not accompany him one foot on the road; but the truth is, that we have read so many superior accounts of all the places he favoured with inspection, that we cannot bring ourselves to renew our acquaintance with them.

Others less conversant with the subjects may

amuse themselves with the youthful spirits, good-humour, and hurried notices of our B.A., expressed in an indifferent style, but with commendable brevity, the whole of his extensive journey being comprised in about 550 loosely printed pages. We will quote a small bit at the very end of his labours, as the best example of his talents which we can detect.

"In Turkey there are gradations of social rank without privileges; in England there are privileges without corresponding social distinctions. We think dancing a polite recreation; they regard it as disgraceful. We esteem the Turks unhappy because they are without public amusements; they would reckon us miserable in wanting amusements from home. They are disgusted at our haughty treatment of inferiors; we at the purchase of slaves. The European considers the Turk pompous and sullen; he deems the European flippant and vulgar. Thus we reciprocally call each other fanatic in religion, dissolute in morals, uncleanly in habits, unhappy in tastes, and, in short, unfit for society! The Englishman will be astonished at what he thinks the absence of public credit in Turkey; while they will be amazed at the national debt. We despise the Turks for having no organisation to facilitate exchange; they pity us for having laws to impede the circulation of commerce. They wonder how government can be carried on with divided opinion; we, how independence can exist without it. The Frank esteems property in Turkey insecure against violence; the Turk considers it in Europe as insecure against law. The first wonders how law can be administered without lawyers; the second how with lawyers justice can be obtained. Instead of tight garments, they wear them loose. Instead of sitting, they squat. For pens, they use reeds—writing from the right to the left side. Fingers are used instead of knives and forks. The women smoke, and ride as the men, astride their steeds. The host precedes his guests into a room, the corner of which is the spot of highest honour. * * * There is great ignorance among those in power, they being often elevated from the lowest grades. General Jockmus told an anecdote of a fact that occurred not long ago, in which a person, then in Constantinople, and a pacha in a remote district, were the chief actors. The former, on paying a visit to the last-named dignitary, was of course invited to smoke; but being engaged in earnest talk, the pacha's tobacco was soon extinguished; on perceiving which, his guest being provided with lucifer matches, kindled one of them, in order to re-light the pipe. No sooner did the pacha observe the suddenly excited flame, than, jumping up in the highest dismay, and rushing from the apartment with aught but Eastern gravity, he exclaimed to his attendants that a demon had entered his house. On this, the guest was seized with a direful dread of the bow-string, and summoning the dragoman, satisfactorily explained to him in what manner the match was kindled. This being reported to the pacha, his previous dread was changed to admiration; he himself was induced to elicit the infernal flame, which being done, he summoned, with awful import, his terrified slaves, to whom he declared that he was even the chief of the demons, being able to draw fire from his hand. Another match was then suddenly kindled, whereupon the marveling attendants fell prostrate with awe before their superhuman master. 'Ah!' said that chieftain, on dismissing them with menaces, 'what could I give you, my guest, for an article of such inestimable value: it is indeed beyond all price!' The wise answer to this ap-

peal was the offer of the matches as a present, which was most graciously accepted; but how delightful was the sequel: the guest on his departure was presented with a noble steed, richly caparisoned, as a very trifling return for his inestimable gift of what—why actually of a pennyworth of lucifers!"

A great lot of boxes should surely be added to the baggage specified by Mr. Stent, as an indispensable outfit for travelling in the East.

Magic and Mesmerism: an Episode of the Eighteenth Century; and other Tales. 3 vols. Saunders and Odey.

THE publications of the present season have presented more than the usual proportion of mere book-making; and we take the opportunity to state the fact when called upon to review a work like the present, upon which the remark is not invidious. For it is only to the leading tale of the title-page that it directly applies; *Magic and Mesmerism* being nothing else than the version of a trial "in Pittaval's *Causés Célèbres*," and an interior execution by burning of Father Gaulfredy. From the circumstances of these cases the writer draws the moral, that no government should allow Mesmerism to be practised within its boundaries—that no conscientious person should meddle with it—and that no prudent one should expose himself, or any member of his family, to its influence. But our objection is to the occupation of nearly three-fourths of a volume with such book-making material; which we have seen carried to a still greater extent in other instances, as witness *The Marchioness*, a tale in two volumes. In short, we have novels entirely manufactured out of the same source—the prolific *Causés Célèbres*. We have histories of periods compiled out of records known to every reader; we have poems borrowed wholesale from previous poets; we have science and education in a hundred reiterated forms common to all; and we have throughout our literature such masses of repetition, that we are lost in wonder at the effrontery of the producers in supposing there can be ignorance enough abroad to tolerate their worn-out re-mixtures.

We are sometimes inclined to fancy that in many instances it is the sheer ignorance of the writers themselves which leads to the infiction. They know so little of what has been done, that they really imagine there may be some novelty and originality in their own crude performances. They travel over ground as familiar as Charing Cross, and think that a full and particular account of it must (as it comes from them) be peculiarly acceptable. They will therefore describe their Northumberland-House façade (for they run about too fast to penetrate, or have no means of introduction, to the interior)—their St. Martin's Church, its portico—their National Gallery, and Nelson Folly—their Spring-Garden confectionary-lounge—their Drummond's bank-establishment—their Grove's fishmongery—their omnibus-stand—their Admiralty—their ridiculous Boccus lamp—Watkins and Hill's philosophical instruments shop—their General Post Office—their statue of King Charles—their board all covered with bills and placards—and, in fine, every other adjacent object, as if they had been caught a glimpse of for the first time by their profound eyes, and left for their sagacity to explain to "the tide of human existence" that never walked from Pall Mall, the Strand, or Westminster Bridge, towards the strange locality which has attracted their indefatigable labours. If tolerably well done,

this *Voyage, Tour, Excursion, Ramble*, or other taking title, would be better than much we have yearly set before us respecting Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, India, America, and elsewhere. An ingenious author might, if wately infected, call it "The Thames, the Fleet, and the Basin in the Park;" or if mountain-ous, "The Ludgate, the Hay, the Saffron, and Primrose Hills!" Who would not be seduced to buy the book so entitled? and especially if puffed into notice in the usual fashion, or "edited" by some person who never saw a line of it!

But we are getting sadly discursive, and far away from *Magic and Mesmerism*, and other Tales; of which other Tales we shall merely add, that they possess level merit, and will not tire readers of "all that sort of thing."

The World of London. By John Fisher Murray. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, Blackwoods.

THESE are very lively sketches of London sights, and manners, and population, embracing a great variety of subjects, from the highest to the lowest, and treating them all in a clever, off-hand, amusing style. It is no matter where we dip for a specimen. Open sesame! here is one:—

"Many and wondrous are the shows of London; but among all the London shows, there is not to the reflecting student of human nature a more remarkable show than the Clothes' Exchange of Cutler Street, Houndsditch, or, as it is popularly called, Rag Fair. It is a scene full of speculation, full to overflowing—a lively picture of the vicissitudes of subluxary things. Here may the philosophic historian contemplate and record the decline and fall of a Stutz-built coat, the mutations of a military uniform, the anarchy of a cotton-gown, and the revolutions of a pair of breeches. Hence, as from a great museum, could D'Orsay form a collection of fashions from the earliest ages to the present time. Here the political economist could illustrate tangibly his theory of vested rights, and the moralist find ample materials for an essay on bad habits. Here are turned coats sufficient for the clothing both houses of parliament. Here, as to a workhouse, all that is worthless and worn-out finds its way; here are represented, in their several discarded skins or sloughs, the 'out-at-elbows peer and desperate dandy.' The 'seedy swell' is here in a greasy Newmarket cut; the literary man represented by a rusty suit of melancholy black; the subaltern officer's second-worst uniform-coat; the despairing lawyer's unliquigated gown; the discarded footman's tawdry livery; in short, here and here alone can you truly and fully, without affectation or disguise, contemplate the outward and visible man—man created by tailors. You may behold the metamorphoses produced by their rising and their falling fortunes in the microcosm of Rag Fair; through it must pass, at one stage or another, half the second-hand habiliments of the empire. That chocolate silk dress, flung yesterday morning from a duchess to her favourite waiting-woman, in the evening is transferred, for a con-sideration, to one of the tribe of Benjamin, and loud and angry may you now hear the contention between the purchaser and seller. Those crimson plush breeches we beheld a twelve-month ago investing the limbs of a footman of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley; that venerable patriarch now holding them between him and the light is concluding the purchase from brother 'Sholomonsh' for a shilling; before

night they will be disposed of for half-a-crown, payable by instalments, to a dustman in Gravel Lane. A foolish, extravagant, and mischievous term has crept into our dictionaries, which is productive of much detriment to the Christian, and great wealth to the Hebrew nation, when applied, as it usually is, in derision of our faithful habiliments—the word ‘*worn-out*’; and a more dissipated word—a word more addicted to running up bills and running out money—a word more directly subversive of the liberty of the subject who is in the habit of encouraging it,—does not exist under the ‘*W*’s of any known vocabulary. It is a villainous word, and has been the ruin of many a respectable family. Your child’s clothes lately made are ‘*worn out*’; your wife’s gowns, paid for only a month ago, are ‘*worn out*’; though we know very well the gowns are good as new, the only thing worn out being the fashion: her bonnets are ‘*worn out*’ in consequence of the changeableness of the weather—meaning of the fashion. Your servants’ liveries and livery hats are *always* worn out, which is no way wonderful, considering that wearing out every thing belonging to their masters is the chief end of their existence: your harness is worn out, your horses are worn out, your carriage is worn out: last of all, your patience is worn out: every thing in your establishment is worn to a thread, and so are *you*. Go, study morals in Rag Fair; any hour of the day, from nine in the morning until six at night, will you hear eloquent sermons from the lips of Rabbis upon the wickedness and folly of supposing that any habilitment in human shape divine can *ever* be worn out. Go, dull clod, and behold the hats, coats, gowns, petticoats, bonnets, and shawls, which you and your wife, tempting the wrath of Providence, have sacrilegiously sold as good for little, or benevolently given away as good for nothing. There may you behold the third best hat you presented to ourselves the other day, in regard to what you were pleased to call our distinguished literary attainments, and which you told your lady wife you might as well give away, being half a size too little for your head, besides not being worth three-halves, and which we incontinently trucked for twopenorth of Betts’ patent brandy; to-morrow that hat, furnished into a second birth, new lined and banded, will be found ticketed in Holywell Street at six-and-sixpence, not merely as good, but, as Moses will tell you, clinching the asseveration with an oath, ‘*more betterer as new*.’ Regard that chaos of old boots—boots, did we say? old leathers rather: a bushel of boots for one-and-sixpence; next week, having gone through the hands of a score of renovators, you may behold these identical leathers blackballed to the *nines*, on a stall in Field Lane, sold for half-a-guinea a pair, and warranted to any thing—wear and tear only excepted. Behold that venerable ruin of a coat; powers of tatters! is it possible that Mr. Pobble O’Keefe, the Irish importer, is about to add that venerable remnant to his dilapidated ‘*properties*’? It is so. He has turned the vestment inside out, over and over again, looking for the right side, but in vain—the garment having been turned so often that both sides are *wrong* ones. Now he holds it expanded upon his arms between him and the light, which streams in broken rays through sundry apertures. Anon, he exhibits a ‘*joey*’ between his thumb and forefinger; Moses extends three digits in reply; the Milesian shakes his head; the Hebrew plucks his beard, dances about on his axis, uttering untranslatable imprecations. Mr. Pobble O’Keefe, moved by the pathos of

Moses, exhibits in addition a couple of ‘*browns*’; the bargain is struck, the ‘*tin*’ transferred, and the rag forked into the ware-room above stairs, to be packed for exportation. Thousands and tens of thousands of transactions like these, make up the mighty business of Rag Fair. The adventuring tourist, however, who would see it in all its glory, must take care not to choose Saturday for his visit. This, the busiest, most bustling day of the week in other quarters of the town, is here, and hereabouts, the day of Hebrew rest, recreation, and devotion. On the afternoon of Friday, all business is suspended. The men perform their weekly ablutions, and the women, having set their houses in order, put on their dresses of bright scarlet or staring yellow, and having decorated themselves with ear-rings, bracelets, and necklaces of the precious metals, or, in their default, of mosaic gold, bring forth chairs and tables, seating themselves before their several doors, in the true oriental fashion. Then issue forth the male children of Judah, dressed in all their best, to exchange courtesies with Rachel and Rebecca. Tables covered with cloths of imposing whiteness, upon which candles burn during the evening, are placed near the windows. A Friday supper answering to our Sunday dinner is prepared, of the best each house affords; and if we may judge from the savoury steams that permeate the ambient air, provisions of the best are hereabouts in great plenty. On summer evenings, when the weather permits to its full extent the out-of-doors relaxation in which this peculiar people delights, Petticoat Lane, swarming with black flowing locks, olive complexions, scarlet, crimson, yellow, and orange dresses, mosaic gold and imitative precious stones, realises to a vivid imagination those oriental bazaars wherein Haroun al Rashid delighted to wander, unnoticed and unregarded, in search of the picturesque in human character and conduct. Saturday, in the Hebrew *quartier*, is a day of devotion and of rest. The perpetual din of the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the compulsory idleness of the Christian Sabbath, is exchanged for complete repose. Every shop is shut, every avocation suspended. If the traveller happen not to encounter the congregations in the way to or from the several synagogues, in the course of his perambulations, he may readily imagine the neighbourhood utterly deserted. It is truly a striking contrast between the almost conventual silence on that day of Bevis Marks, Houndsditch, and St. Mary Axe, and the excessive noise and bustle of Whitechapel, Bishopsgate, and Leadenhall. How our Sabbath is observed in the Jewish neighbourhoods may be best estimated from the following notice, which we observed on our latest visit to the neighbourhood of Rag Fair, posted against the booth which the authorities have lately erected for the better accommodation of those engaged in ‘*de ragsh bishness*.’ The notice is as follows:—

‘*Business will commence at this Exchange on Sunday mornings, at ten o’clock. By order of the managers, ‘MOSES ABRAHAMS.’* The toleration of Sunday trading, enjoyed by the Jewish community, is truly creditable to our city authorities. There is, it is true, the hypocrisy of half-shutters, but the real business of Rag Fair goes on as briskly, though more silently, on the Sabbath (*our Sabbath*, that is to say) as on any other day of the week. The reason for this exemption we must leave city Solons to define; but it certainly does excite strange and repugnant sensations, when, passing from the Jewish quarter, in the plenitude of its

exemption from the repose of the Christian Sabbath, we come upon a little ragged urchin of our own persuasion, with his forfeited stock of oranges and nuts, dragged through the streets by a stalwart policeman, an example to Sunday traders, and consigned to durance vile for the horrible crime of sacrilegiously attempting to earn twopence wherewith to procure a morsel of bread, for a bedridden father it may be, or a widowed mother. There is surely something rotten in this. If Sunday trading is an abomination, we cannot see why *we* are liable to penalties in the exercise of that profanation which is connived at among the Jews, only because they choose to observe strictly their own Sabbath while openly violating ours. The care which the members of the Hebrew persuasion take of their own poor is highly creditable to them as a body, and worthy all imitation. You see many poor Jews, but never a Jewish beggar. Their hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies, embrace every variety of distress to which their unfortunate brethren may be exposed. Instead of hunting, as we do, for paupers and vagabonds over the face of the earth whereon to bestow their benevolence, their laudable selfishness takes care of its own in the first instance, and their overplus only finds its way to general purposes of charity. The sooner we begin to imitate our Hebrew fellow-citizens in this particular the better.”

Ex uno disce omnes, as we say in the Hebrew: two more entertaining volumes than these we seldom meet with; and besides, there is much of discreet observation, sound sense, and sage counsels, mingled in the lighter yarn, so that the web is altogether as useful and instructive as it is showy and attractive.

In some parts the spirit of exaggeration is too visible; the colouring for effect betraying the writer into this vice. Thus, for instance, we are told of the inns, “the manufactories of discord,” inhabited by lawyers, that the stranger “sees light at noonday in every window,” and “he may haply one of the briefless, amusing himself by writing the word ‘*fee*’ on the two-year old dust of his chamber-window, with several notes of admiration at the end of that rare and curious monosyllable.” The eating the way to the bar, however, is humorously described, though overdone in its jocularity by having the oyster-eater Dando, and other gentlemen of his description, spoken of as members of Lincoln’s Inn; and similar jests, which, though they might be relished in the professional halls, can hardly expect to be understood by the outside public.

The Clans. No. I. From Sketches by R. R. M’Ian; and descriptive Letterpress by James Logan. London, W. Bosley.

THE Highlanders, after their chivalrous effort to replace the Stuarts on the throne of these realms, attracted much attention; and the condition of a people capable of carrying the daring attempt so far became an object of serious national inquiry. Unhappily the attention thus excited led to their severe humiliation; their congenial system of patriarchal rule was abolished, the natural obedience of a clansman to his chief was dissolved, and his much-loved native dress was proscribed by legislative enactment as a badge of rebellious distinction. Broken and dispirited, indignant thousands hastened to asylums in other countries; and the population of devastated lands, deprived of their natural protectors, endeavoured to gain subsistence in the lowland districts. The former state of our Highland countrymen, at no time

very well known to others, fell more out of recollection when thus degraded; and their manners, when assimilated in personal appearance to their neighbours, were deemed unworthy of particular notice farther than as a savage race using a barbarous tongue. Even when the act of 1782 was passed, repealing that of 1748, which branded as felons and doomed to transportation those who had the temerity to wear the dress of their fathers, it had little effect, save amongst those who cherished recollections of youthful pleasures and rude independence; and those of later birth who assumed the ancient garb were in a great measure ignorant of its component parts and arrangement. It gradually became more popular as the manufacture of tartan increased; and the battalions of Highland troops, drawn into service by the great Chatham, performed in all parts actions of the most brilliant heroism during protracted wars, brought their national attire into favourable and wide-spread notice; while various societies, in which were enrolled some of the illustrious of the land, having as one of their objects the encouragement of its use, did much to familiarise the public with a costume which had so recently been stigmatised as the mark of a barbarian people.

The novelists found the Celtic tribes, with their national peculiarities and their romantic country, admirable subjects for their amusing works; and Sir Walter Scott rendered the Highlands classic ground by the magic of his pen, sending visitors by thousands to a people who otherwise would have attracted little attention, and to places which would naturally have forbidden their approach. When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, several of the chiefs did homage in their picturesque array, and Dunedin again saw the sovereign lodged in her palace of the Holyrood, with guards of the Gaelic mountaineers in their appropriate dress and arms.

Splendid as were the fêtes and other displays on that occasion, and heightened as the general effect was by the presence of the Highland detachments, the whole has been eclipsed by the proceedings in Perthshire, where a Queen, interesting as their own Mary when taking diversification in Athol, received from her Gaelic subjects so grand and gratifying a demonstration of loyal delight.

Scenes from Highland history have been amongst the most interesting productions of the artist, the varied tartans furnishing admirable objects for pictorial effect: but strict adherence to propriety of costume is seldom to be found; indeed, few are sufficiently acquainted with the mysteries of clan tartans, and the arrangement of the various appurtenances of Celtic costume; hence the great utility of a work like this, where the figures will not only be draped in the breacan of correct pattern, but all the variations in the mode of dressing in the olden time and at present, among the military and civilians, will be graphically represented.

We perceive those tartans are properly adhered to which are now worn, and which immemorial usage and tradition have fixed as correct. Our observation here anent is occasioned by the recent publication of Mr. Stewart, the "Vestiarium Scoticum," a collection of designs professing to be the genuine colours and their arrangement, appropriate to the different clans, printed from a ms. written by Leslie bishop of Ross, and preserved at the Scots college of Douay. It is a subject rather out of the bishop's line; and if he was "tartan mad," it is strange that in his *Historia Scotie* he does not display the least indication of the mania. This

ms. is better known in the north, where its authenticity has been very strongly questioned, the designs being in almost every case utterly different from those now acknowledged, or indeed from any ever before seen.

The figures are represented in the present work in varied and graceful attitudes, calculated best to display the costume; and the differences in their attire are explained, some being described as modern innovations, others as the ancient form. The vestments and arms are in many cases taken from interesting examples: as brogs, from an ancient pair found in Isla; a target, from one preserved in the armoury of Colonel MacLean at Coll, &c. &c. The colouring is, we trust, correct, though not so distinct as we hope it will be in the progress of the work; and with the size, paper, and typography, forms an ornament for the drawing-room table, and will prove interesting for historical reference in the library.

The merits of the letterpress are equally satisfactory. It is by Mr. Logan, who has so successfully in other publications elucidated the history, poetry, costume, arms, and antiquities of this interesting portion of her majesty's loyal and enthusiastic subjects. The figures are—a Breadalbane highlander, a MacGillivray, and a Glengarry MacDonel; to each of which is attached a brief account of the origin and history of the clan, its numerical strength, armorial insignia, badge, war-shout, tartan, piobaireachd, &c. &c.; and the dryness of genealogy is enlivened by amusing and characteristic anecdotes. Of these we shall give the following:—MacGillivray of Dun-Mac Glas, as a branch of the Clan Chattan, commanded the MacIntoshes at Culloden, where he fell with four of his officers. "This brave soldier encountered the commander of Barrel's regiment, and struck off some of the English colonel's fingers with his broadsword. After the conflict was over, MacGillivray was stripped; and his waistcoat, doubtless handsomely embroidered, was appropriated by a private soldier, who, walking along the streets of Inverness, was met by the colonel, who indignantly stopped the man, and ordered him to take it off immediately. 'I recognise that waistcoat,' said the generous warrior; 'I met on the field of battle the brave man who wore it, and it shall not now be thus degraded.'" It seems "the form of bonnet which has received the name of 'a Glengarry' is not of more than about forty years' standing;" and that it is an "egregious impropriety" to wear the plaid at dinner or in the ball-room. It strikes us that the hose are in all instances too high, destroying the smartness of appearance; the kilt, on the contrary, is of a regular and "decent" length. For those who desire to inform themselves as to their proper costume and the manner of dressing, or who wish to become acquainted with the memorabilia of their clans, with the choicest illustrations of each, this is a work of all others which they should possess.

The 2d Part, we believe, is published; but we have only seen the 1st.

The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir: a Summer Ramble in 1842. By Mrs. Romer, author of "Sturmer," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

VERY neatly embellished, these volumes relate, in a pleasant manner, the lively impressions made upon an intelligent and observant lady's mind, during a few months' peregrination about the south of France, south of Spain, and shores of the Mediterranean, including Tetuan and Malta. But the *Literary Gazette* has so often

and so recently traversed, again and again, the localities visited by Mrs. Romer, that we find it would be impossible for us to strike enough of interesting novelty out of these pages to justify quotation. All that we need to say, therefore, is, that they are written in a very agreeable manner, and may be read by those less familiar in their subjects with entertainment and gratification.

But if the travels can bear only this moderated opinion, we may state that the public, generally, will read some of the episodic portions with greater relish; and as a taste of the talent with which these variations and accompaniments are introduced into the strain, we will quote a gay, and wish we could a grave, specimen—the one a *gourmet* anecdote of Alexander Dumas and Monsieur Courty, his host of the Muette de Portici at Marseilles; and the other a tragical story of an unfortunate family at Arles.

"Whenever (says Mrs. R.) we dined at the Muette de Portici, we left the choice of the bill of fare to Monsieur Courty himself, and certainly never was confidence better placed; although to describe any of the dishes of which it was composed would be impossible, as to this moment I am ignorant of their names or their ingredients, except indeed the *Bouillabaisse*, the famous Provençal fish-soup, which I had previously seen in Paris, but very inferior to that prepared by this *roi des cuisiniers*. The great variety of shell-fish found on the coast of Provence gives infinite scope to the inventive talents of Courty; and the elegant disguises in which he dresses his *plats* lead to a hundred guesses as to what their ingredients may be. But, excellent as are his dinners, I have no hesitation in avowing that I relish the artist's conversation even more than his most *savant chef d'œuvre*; and, while the other members of my party are lingering over their coffee, I always seize upon the opportunity, afforded by Monsieur Courty bringing me a bouquet of his most beautiful flowers, to enter into conversation with him. I confess that I love an honest enthusiast in his calling, whatever that calling may be; and, even if a dash of coxcombry be intermingled with it, perhaps so much the better in point of amusement. Monsieur Courty is the *beau-ideal* of an enthusiast, and discusses his science with all the grave energy which one would suppose could alone be called forth by some sublime pursuit. 'Quand j'ai inventé un nouveau plat,' said he to me, 'je suis tout aussi fier que Monsieur Arago lorsqu'il a découvert une nouvelle planète.' I asked Monsieur Courty why he did not visit Paris, which led to the sensible observation that he thought it better not to risk the certain for the uncertain; and he then detailed the numerous solicitations to that effect which he had declined, shewing how all the notabilities who had visited his restaurant had urged him to repair to the capital, where he would be sure not only to *faire fortune* but to *faire époque*. The greater part of these names were of course unknown to me, but he dwelt upon them with enthusiasm as he discussed their various gastronomical talents; and the description did not a little gain by the peculiarity of the dialect and strong Provençal accent of Monsieur Courty. 'Monsieur un tel,' said he, 'est un gastronome de la première force;—un autre avait un goût exquis;—un troisième avait le palais un peu blasé, quoique de temps en temps il eût des momens lucides,' &c. &c. &c. But some high civic authority at Marseilles at once constituted, he said, 'sa gloire et son désespoir,' for not only was his opinion law amongst the bous-

vivants of the city, but he was so *exigant* as to novelty, that he at times nearly drove our artist mad. 'Voyez-vous, madame,' he continued, 'quand il s'agit d'un dîner pour la chambre de commerce, Monsieur — vient toujours deux ou trois jours d'avance consulter avec moi, et puis il n'est pas toujours raisonnable. J'ai beau lui dire que le moment n'est pas propice — que la saison est ingrate — c'est égal! il faut que je me surpasse — il faut que j'invente. Ce Monsieur est malheureux si je ne trouve pas toujours des plats nouveaux, car pour lui il faut absolument *différenter*!' (I confess the verb with which Courty finished his sentence struck me as entitled to the honours of originality as much as any of his dishes.) Besides the long list of names famous in Marseilles, but all unknown to me, which he recapitulated the other day, in the full persuasion that they must be as familiar to me as to himself, he also expatiated with no little self-importance upon the testimonies and tributes to his talent which he had received from persons whose names are known to all the world, and whose reputations have become European. Among them was prominent that of Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, who, in his frequent transits from Tuscany to France, is a regular habitué of Courty's restaurant, and between whom and the worthy artist a mutual admiration appears to have sprung up, founded upon a just appreciation of each other's respective *savoir* and talents. Alexandre Dumas is unquestionably the Magnus Apollo of the *Muelle de Portici*; the arbour in which he has dined, the dishes which he prefers, the sea-fishing in which he has joined with Courty, are dwelt upon by the latter with mingled pride and pleasure; and the sayings and doings of the *homme de lettres* are relished by the simple-minded Provençal with a *gusto* no less keen than that which his own most successful culinary improvisations never fail to excite in the author of Henri Trois, of Antony, and of Caligula. 'The last time Monsieur Dumas dined here,' said Courty, 'he ordered the table to be laid, as usual, in one of the arbours. The weather threatened a storm, and I ventured to suggest the prudence of dining in the house. 'Eh! mon cher!' he exclaimed, 'croyez-vous que nous sommes des hommes à reculer devant un orage? Servez-nous ici — qu'il pleut, qu'il tonne, qu'il grêle, cela nous est fort égale — nous dînerons quand même!' Force fut de l'obéir. Before the coquillages and bouillabesse were despatched, however, flashes of lightning betokened the commencement of the storm; the *hors d'œuvres* and *entrées* were introduced to the accompaniment of thunder; and the *premier service* was concluded amidst the pattering of heavy rain-drops, which penetrated through the thick foliage of the arbour, and completely destroyed the economy of the table, without, however, influencing Monsieur Dumas to yield to my entreaties and remove to the shelter of the house. His wife sat shivering in her thin muslin dress, and almost started out of her chair at every flash of lightning; and even his friend Monsieur Mery, the poet, ventured a doubt as to the *agrément* of dining in a shower-bath, without producing any effect upon him. Seeing that he was proof against persuasion, I changed my tactics; and, desiring the *second service* to be served in the house, I went and announced to the party that it awaited them there. 'Monsieur Dumas,' said I to him, 'il s'agit de ma réputation comme cuisinier de ne pas céder à votre fantaisie; et dans l'intérêt de mon art je me vois obligé de ne plus exposer mes plats à l'intempérie de l'atmosphère. Le

second service vous attend à la maison, et je suis décidé à ne pas vous l'apporter ici!' The fact is, that it was not so much for the sake of my *plats*, as *par égard pour le sexe*, that I took that decided tone; and, luckily, it succeeded. Monsieur Dumas se rendit à mon raisonnement, et le dîner se termina joyeusement à la maison et à sec. 'Où, madame,' he exclaimed, as he wound up a long eulogium of the object of his admiration, 'l'approbation de ce grand littérateur m'est acquise, je peux m'en flatter; et non seulement il m'honore de son estime, mais il m'a consacré une page entière dans ses *'Impressions de Voyage*!' Honest Courty! I suppose he thought it admissible to take with the simple word *impressions* the same liberty that he permits himself to take with the ailments that pass through his hands; and fancied that, in dishing up the title of Alexandre Dumas's book à la *Provençale*, and in his own peculiar manner, he would render it quite as palatable, and infinitely more *piquant*, than if he had merely introduced it to our notice *au naturel*.'

The Arles tragedy of the Latours is recounted by a stranger, but is too long for us to copy. We can, however, recommend it as singularly affecting and extremely well told.

Life and Times of Louis Philippe, &c. 8vo.
Fishers.

In the *Gazette*, No. 1333, we very briefly noticed the completion of this work, without, however, supporting our opinion of it by any extracts; and we now offer our apology for the omission, or rather delay, by copying out a few significant passages. The life of his majesty's father, a misled and guillotined gentleman, is not without a warning to his son, and all other monarchs, or persons of authority and wealth, not to trust too far to revolutionists. In our anti-corn-law days, the following, a part of his story, has some interest:—

'A short time previous to the opening of the states-general, Paris was made the scene of a fatal disturbance, in which circumstances seemed to implicate the Duke of Orleans as an accomplice. The people, who were still suffering from the high price of corn, became exasperated against a paper-manufacturer, named Reveillon, who was so indiscreet as to say, 'That they ought to think themselves very well off in having bread even so cheap, and that sevenpence-halfpenny a day was very good wages for working men.' In the fury of their indignation, they burnt the blockhead in effigy, and proceeded to his manufactory, in the quarter of St. Antoine, to wreak their further vengeance upon him, in the annihilation of his property; but a guard of soldiers, stationed in the street that led to the factory, for a while prevented the accomplishment of their purpose. While both parties were observing each other, the Duke of Orleans came up, being *en route* to the races at Vincennes, which he had himself previously fixed for that day. The mob instantly raising the most deafening cheers, he stopped to acknowledge the compliment, in a few conciliatory words, and then rode forward. His duchess, returning from the races in the evening, was not deterred by the riot from taking the same route, and was received with similar acclamations; even the soldiers, respecting a princess so immeasurably esteemed, made way for her carriage to pass. The barrier being now broken, the rioters seized on the advantage which it gave them, and rushing *en masse* into the factory, commenced the work of destruction. Additional troops were soon

upon the spot; but the multitude were then so steeped in mischief, that it was not until many lives were sacrificed that they could either be diverted from their object or repulsed. The duke's presence in the earlier part of the day, as well as the manner in which his duchess was permitted to pass through the street in the evening, although it facilitated the movements of the rioters, is capable of being accounted for in the simplest and most natural manner. Yet such suspicions did appearances excite, that he felt it necessary to publish a defence of himself.

The 4th of May, 1789, must be ever memorable in the annals of history, not those of France merely, but of Europe, since from it may be dated a new epoch, distinguished for the promulgation of those abstract principles of liberty, which, arraying themselves against absolute monarchies, awakened the jealousy of the sovereigns of Europe; and, by reaction and mutual collision, shook their thrones to the centre, overturned many of the older states, and remodelled others, while it called several new ones into existence. The stormy debates of the national assembly may be viewed as the smoke of the volcano, preceding the lava-torrent of popular indignation, which, bursting from the crater of centralised France, poured upon the states of Europe, overwhelming, burying, or carrying every thing before it. It was during this agitation, produced by the continued high price of corn, that the states-general commenced their sittings at Versailles. A grand procession took place on the eve of the first meeting. Here the Duke of Orleans, instead of taking his place at the head of the princes of the blood, mixed with the popular deputies of the bailliage of Villers Cotterets—a condensation which found its reward in the loudly expressed applause of the multitude; they threw their hats into the air, that their hands might be disengaged to applaud with, and reiterated cries of 'Long live the Duke of Orleans!' The day of sitting was not less marked by admiration of the duke: the deputies being called in the order of their bailliaiges, when the turn of that of Villers Cotterets arrived, the duke and a curé presented themselves at the same instant at the door of the saloon. The curé gave way, wishing to yield precedence to the prince, who, however, observed, that his rank of *gentilhomme* did not permit him to go before a member of the church: the curé admitted the force of his observation, and immediately entered the hall followed by the duke. No sooner did such of the *tiers état* as had already taken their places in the assembly perceive the popular duke, than they rose from their seats, waved their hats, and repeated the usual exclamation.'

And so, with noble and clerical politeness and descending from their spheres, began the sanguinary revolution which deluged France with blood. Now list to the preparatory mockery:—

'On the fifth day from the date on which his letter was read, the duke entered the national assembly, and took his seat; he was received with enthusiastic applause. He came forward to take the civic oath, and having mounted the tribune, spoke nearly as follows: 'Will the assembly permit me to make a few observations before I take the civic oath?' 'Yes, yes!' was re-echoed from the left with earnestness. 'Whilst, according to the permission of this assembly, and in conformity with the wish of the king, I was absent in England, you have decreed that each national representative should take the civic oath, of which you arranged the form. I then lost no

time in sending you my adhesion to this oath; I now lose no time in renewing it in the midst of you. The day approaches in which all France is going to unite solemnly for this object, in which all voices will utter only sentiments of love for the country and the king; for a country so dear to citizens who have just recovered their liberty; for a king so worthy by his virtues to reign over a free people, and to associate his name with the greatest and happiest epoch of the French monarchy. This day shall see all differences of opinion vanish for ever, and all interests united for the happiness and glory of France. * *

I swear to be faithful to the nation, to the law, and to the king, and to maintain, to the utmost of my power the constitution decreed by the national assembly and accepted by the king."

A few pages on, we read of this very king's trial and condemnation, in these words:—

"The question was divided into these three propositions by the constituent assembly:—Is Louis guilty of a conspiracy against liberty and the general security of the state?—Shall the sentence about to be pronounced, be submitted for ratification to the people united in their primary assemblies?—What punishment has the ci-devant king of the French incurred? To the first the Duke of Orleans, being called on to vote, simply answered, 'Yes.' To the second—'Influenced only by my duty, I say, No.' To the third—'Convinced that all who have attempted, or shall hereafter attempt, any thing against the sovereignty of the people merit death, I vote for death!'"

How soon, in a national movement, as in theatres, and all occasions where the passions of multitudes are inflamed, do we see thousands of every variety of opinion brought to act as if they were of one—engulfed and precipitated into action! Then comes the triumph of the fierce, and cruel, and wicked; and the many, the moderate, the well-meaning, and the good, who have lent them their strength, have only to suffer and repent.

The Last of the O'Mahonys; and other Historical Tales of the English Settlers in Munster. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

THERE is much of resemblance in all these tales; love and fighting the principal ingredients of each. Those who delight in such affairs may pass an hour pleasantly enough with the last of the O'Mahonys and his companions.

The Earl of Essex: a Romance. By Charles Whitehead, author of "Richard Savage," "The Solitary," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

MR. WHITEHEAD has chosen a good time for this exercise of his talent in the style of historical romance; for the life of Essex was in reality a very extraordinary one, and closed with a tragic dénouement worthy of the highest invention. Elizabeth, and the famous ring-story with the Countess of Nottingham, make a finale of facts superior to fiction; and the only remark we have to offer derogatory to these volumes is, that the characters they display and the events they describe are so well known as to render it extremely difficult to clothe them sufficiently with a new interest.

Friend or Foe? a Novel. By Miss E. Pickering. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

THIS story, although hackneyed, runs smoothly, and is not wanting in incident; but the characters and their treatment are less original than is usual with this prolific authoress—a father, and a gentle and beautiful daughter, the former the suspected murderer of her lover's father; a cousin, the next heir; a false friend unsuspected, the secret author of all the mis-

chances; a villain bartering his possession of the dreaded secret, &c.; a succession of misunderstandings; and then a final clearing up of the whole by the reappearance, after a lapse of many years, of the supposed victim, to the discomfiture and disgrace of the workers of evil, who are conveniently got rid of, and to the complete happiness of all the rest. *Si sic omnes*, Miss Pickering would not have reached the position she holds as a novelist; but it is scarcely possible for works following each other so rapidly to be of equal strength and merit.

Rose of Woodlee: a Tale. By Maria Bainbridge. 3 vols. London, E. Bull.

ONE of those trifling productions which we mention merely because such was the purpose for which the volumes were sent to us; but to what aim or end they were ever written, we are at a loss to conceive. Yet this is no isolated case: many similar works which we read even to weariness, pass through our hands in the course of the year. Of the present one we can only say, that a connected story fills the three books, but which story, stated in the preface to be "founded on facts," can be only interesting to the parties who may be in some degree connected with it: to the general reader it offers no point of interest. But the author deprecates censure; and, in truth, the harmless tendency of the tale absolves us from the necessity of harsh criticism. The narration, in the first volume, of a shipwreck, is the best written portion of the work.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Isle of Wight, May 16, 1843.

SIR,—The letter of a "Constant Reader" in the *Literary Gazette*, May 13, on the British word "TIN," might mislead as to the derivation of our words *down* and *town*, the *-don* and *-ton* of local names; "the old English *tune*, now *don*, *ton*, *toun*," being indiscriminately referred to the same origin, and that a Celtic one. Now the Anglo-Saxons had two distinct words, never seemingly interchanged—*din*, a down or hill, and *tin*, an enclosure, &c., whence our *dons* and *towns*: *Snaedun* (Snowdon), *Cingestun* (Kingston), for instance; though we have sometimes confounded them, having made in one case Bampton, in another Bindon, from the single form *Beamdine*. The word *dun* seems to have been common both to the Celtic and Gothic tongues, and is found in Sanscrit: doubtless the Anglo-Saxons found plenty of *duns* and *dunums* ready made to their hands in Britain. *Tin* meant originally an enclosure of any kind (*tynan* was to enclose), afterwards a *farm*, a *village*, and at length what we now call a *town*. This may be still traced in other Teutonic dialects; the German *zaun* is a hedge, the Dutch *tuin* a hedge or enclosure, but especially a garden; and thus Mynheer van Dunk's *tuin huis* is not his town-house, but his garden-house or summer-parlour—a wooden erection, painted bright green, at the window of which he sits and smokes his *clay*, enjoying the Sabæan odours of the little canal beneath, and drinking his *hollands* and water gaily. In our own country *tin* for a long time meant at the utmost a *village*, generally only a *farm*: "tūn-gerefa" (lit. *town-reeve*) was the Anglo-Saxon translation of "villicus," a *land-steward*, which, by the way, reminds us of the difference between a Roman *villa* and a French *vill*. *Burh* was the proper term for a fortified town, except in the case of Roman stations, when "castra" became *ceaster*. In various passages in the Gospels the Anglo-

Saxon version has *tūn*, and the old English one *town*, where we now read "farm," "country," "piece of ground," "fields." Chaucer's "person of a town" was a country-parson, or *curé de village*. It would be rash to affirm that *dun* and *tin* may not have had a common root in some far-distant eastern soil; but for the purpose of English etymology they should not be confounded. With regard to the Welsh *Din* or *Tin*, Dinas Bran and Dinasawddu (Dinas-moorthy) confirm the view of a "Constant Reader:" do *Tintagel* and *Tintern* (though the latter has a Saxon-looking termination) point this way? After all, this same "TIN," inscribed on an ancient British coin, may be an instance of the venerable antiquity sometimes ascribed to what are now called *slang* terms; though he who affirms that it is must have more brass about him than yours, &c.

B.A. OXON.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 10.—Mr. Warburton, president, in the chair. Read: 1. "On some new ganoid fishes," by Sir P. G. Egerton. In this communication the author made known, and fully described, seven new species of fossil fishes, three of which belong to the genus *Semionotus*, one to *Lepidotus*, and three to *Pholidophorus*. The species of the first-named genus had been found by Mr. Pentland in a black bituminous schist, a member of the lias formation, at Giffoni, near Castella Mare. The others are from the lias of Ohmden in Wurtemberg, and Whitby in Yorkshire. The original specimens are in the cabinets of the Earl of Enniskillen and Sir P. Egerton. 2. "On the geology of Nova Scotia," with a map, by Dr. Gesner. After describing the geographical features of the country, the author proceeds to give an account of the several formations, represented on his geological map, which has been compiled from observations made by himself during the last eighteen years in a country which has as yet been but imperfectly explored. There are three bands of granitic rocks, on which rest stratified non-fossiliferous rocks in certain districts, succeeded by rocks of the Silurian group. Above the Silurian beds occur, in several parts of the province, sandstones and shales, without organic remains, referred to the Devonian system. Coal-measures are next in order, containing, in places, upright fossil trees. These are overlaid by a red sandstone, associated with gypsum and limestone, referred by the author to the new red formation. The north-western coast of the peninsula is one continuous narrow belt of trap, greenstone, and amygdaloid. 3. "On the coal-formation of Nova Scotia, and on the age and relative position of the gypsum and accompanying marine limestones," by Mr. Lyell. The stratified rocks of Nova Scotia, more ancient than the carboniferous, consist chiefly of metamorphic clay-slate and quartzite, their strike being nearly east and west. Towards their northern limits these strata become less crystalline, and contain fossils, some of which Mr. Lyell identifies with species of the upper Silurian group, or with the Hamilton group of the New York geologists. The remaining fossiliferous rocks, as far as yet known, belong to the carboniferous group, and occupy extensive tracts in the northern part of the peninsula, resting unconformably on the preceding series. They may be divided into two principal formations, one of which comprises the productive coal-measures, agreeing precisely with those of Europe in lithological and palaeontological character; the other

consists chiefly of red sandstone and red marl, with subordinate beds of gypsum and marine limestone; but this series is also occasionally associated with coal-grits, shales, and thin seams of coal. A variety of opinions have been entertained respecting the true age of the last-mentioned or gypsiferous formation; and the author endeavours to shew, first, that it belongs to the carboniferous group; and secondly, that it occupies a lower portion than the productive coal-measures. These last are of vast thickness in Nova Scotia, being largely developed in Cumberland county, and near Pictou, occurring again at Sydney, in Cape Breton. They contain shales, probably deposited in a fresh-water estuary, in which Cypris and Modiola abound. Above fifty species of plants have been found in them, more than two-thirds of which are not distinguishable from European species, while the rest agree generically with fossils of the coal-formation in Europe. Mr. Lyell next describes the gypsiferous formation, especially the marine limestone, of Windsor, Horton, the cliffs bounding the estuary of the Shubenacadie river, the district of Brookfield, and the bridge crossing the Debert river, near Truro. Several species of corals and shells are common to all these localities, and recur in similar limestones in Cape Breton. Among these we find, associated with several peculiar fossils, others which are characteristic of the carboniferous limestone in Europe. The associated plants are also carboniferous forms. With these Mr. Lyell found in Horton Bluff scales of a ganoid fish; and in the ripple-marked sandstones of the same place, Mr. Logan discovered footprints which appeared to Mr. Owen to belong to some unknown species of reptile. Several of the shells and corals of this group have been recognised by Mr. Murchison and M. de Verneuil as identical with fossils of the gypsiferous deposits of Perm, in Russia; and it had been proposed to refer these gypsiferous beds of Nova Scotia successively to the trias and to the period of the magnesian limestone. That they are more ancient than both these formations, Mr. Lyell infers not only from their fossils, but also from their occupying a lower position than the productive coal-measures of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. In proof of this inferiority of position, three sections are referred to:—First, that of the coast of Cumberland, near Minudie, where beds of red sandstone, gypsum, and limestone are seen dipping southwards, or in a direction which would carry them under the productive coal-measures of the South Joggins, which attain a thickness of two or more miles, and yet include no masses of gypsum or marine limestone. Secondly, the section of the East River of Pictou, where the productive coal-measures of the Albion Mines repose on a formation of red sandstone, including beds of limestone, in which Mr. Dawson and the author found *Productus Martini*, and other fossils common to the gypsiferous rocks of Windsor. Some of these limestones are oolitic, like those of Windsor, and gypsum occurs near the East River, fourteen miles south of Pictou, so situated as to lead to the presumption that it is an integral part of the inferior red sandstone. Thirdly, in Cape Breton, according to information received from Mr. Richard Brown, the gypsiferous formation occupies a considerable tract, consisting of red marl, with gypsum and limestone. In specimens of the latter, Mr. Lyell found the same fossils as those of Windsor, &c., before mentioned. Near Sydney these gypsiferous strata pass beneath a formation of sandstone more than 2000 feet thick, upon which rest conformably the coal-measures of Sydney, dip-

ping to the north-east, or sea-ward, and having a thickness of 2000 feet. To illustrate the gypsiferous formation, the author gives a particular description of the cliffs bordering the Shubenacadie River, for a distance of fourteen miles, from its mouth to Fort Ellis, which he examined, in company with Mr. J. W. Dawson and Mr. Duncan. The rocks here consist, in great part, of soft red marls, with subordinate masses of crystalline gypsum, and marine limestones; also three large masses of red sandstone, coal-grits, and shales. The strike of the beds, like that of Windsor, is nearly east and west, and there are numerous faults and flexures. The principal masses of gypsum do not appear to fill rents, but form regular parts of the stratified series, sometimes alternating with limestone and shale. The author concludes by describing a newer and unconformable red sandstone, without fossils, which is seen to rest on the edges of the carboniferous strata on the Salmon River, six miles above Truro.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

May 31.—Mr. W. Pole, vice-president, in the chair. The secretary read a description of Mr. Stephens's life-preserver, or portable life-ball, a model of which was laid before the meeting. The apparatus consists of a hollow metal ball, cased with cork and quilted over, about five inches in diameter, to which are brazed or rivetted three eyes. Through one of the eyes is rove a line which passes round the ball, and is again brought through the eye in the opposite direction; both parts are then seized together outside the eye, leaving sufficient line with a thimble in the end to form a bight. The standing part of the line is then passed through the thimble and a noose formed sufficiently large to admit of its passing over a person's shoulders to fasten round his waist. The other two eyes are placed opposite to each other, through which a piece of line is rove round the ball, and seized in four places so as to form grummetts or handles to the "life-ball," in order that it may be the more readily caught hold of or held. The "life-ball," from its portability, can be carried to any part of the vessel and thrown in the direction of the person overboard; whereas the life-buoy, when put in operation on a casualty occurring, although it may be instantaneously let go and dropped, yet from its nature will there remain stationary in the wake of the ship, and unless the person be a good swimmer, it is almost an impossibility that he can reach it, particularly should he happen to fall overboard to leeward, a circumstance which more frequently happens than otherwise.—Mr. Defries described, and, by aid of a model made almost entirely of glass, illustrated his dry gas-meter.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

May 19.—Mr. J. E. Gray, president, in the chair. Mr. A. Henfrey exhibited specimens of *Leucopogon astivum*, collected in Greenwich marshes: he also presented specimens of *Dentaria bulbifera*, collected at Harefield, Middlesex. Mr. W. Andrews presented specimens of varieties of *Saxifraga geum*,—in one of which the nectaries thickly surrounded the ovary,—collected at the Great Blasquest Island, coast of Kerry, Ireland. Read: "Notice of the discovery of two species of fungi new to the British flora," by Dr. P. B. Ayres: *Peziza corticalis*, found on woodbine between Stokenchurch, Oxon, and Cadmore End; *Hysterium rubrum*, found on bean-stalks at Aston Rowant and Tetsworth, Oxfordshire. Read also the com-

mencement of a paper, by Mr. E. Lees, "On the groups into which the British *fruticose rubi* are divisible." The paper was accompanied by drawings and specimens. Among the donations announced was a collection of specimens from Western Australia, presented by Mr. J. Turner.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

May 29.—The Marquis of Northampton in the chair. A paper was read, by the Rev. Richard Burgess, "On the aqueducts and walls of ancient Rome," wherein the author took occasion to shew very eloquently the necessity not more for considering utility in works of taste, than for exercising taste in works of utility. Mr. George Godwin drew the attention of the meeting to the proposed demolition, against which we have already protested, of the only considerable portion now remaining of the ancient City wall; and, at the request of some members of the Society of Antiquaries, urged the institute to lend their aid in inducing its preservation. Lord Northampton expressed a hope that Mr. Godwin's effort would be successful, and suggested that the council should communicate with the Society of Antiquaries, and present a joint memorial on the subject.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

April 19.—Mr. J. S. Bowerbank in the chair. A paper by Mr. A. H. Hassall, "Further observations on the decay of fruit," was read. After referring to the opinion expressed by him in a former paper, that the well-known principle adopted by Liebig, that a body in the act of decomposition is capable of communicating the same to other bodies by a kind of induction, does not apply to the general form of decomposition occurring in fruit, principally from the circumstance of its attacking it in a highly vital condition, when it could not be supposed to be the subject of any spontaneous or chemical decomposition; and also to that of Dr. Lankester, expressed at a former meeting, that Liebig's views did not afford a sufficient explanation of every example of decay occurring in fruit, as he considered that an apple once removed from the tree was no longer in a vital state, but that it immediately became a prey to a species of fermentation:—he proceeded to express his doubts as to the accuracy of the last supposition, inasmuch as it is possible to preserve fruit free from all visible deterioration for many months after its removal from the tree. Still, admitting both these and Liebig's views to be correct, they do not, in his opinion, explain the reason why decay commences in a spot gradually extending itself over the surface of the fruit, and does not at once involve its entire substance and fabric. He therefore contended that these phenomena were to be referred to the operation of ontophytal fungi for a satisfactory solution, still admitting the existence of a second form of decomposition in fruit, this being comparatively of rare occurrence, and appearing to be the result of chemical affinities, in consequence of the fruit having ceased to exist. To this he thought the views of Liebig may in some cases perhaps with propriety be applied. He also stated, that since the former meeting of the society he had repeated the experiment of inoculating fruit with the spores of the fungi with the same success which attended the former trial, but that he had failed in inducing decay in sound fruit by the introduction of decayed matter destitute of fungi in any state; still, however, he considered this might ensue in some cases in which the vitality of the fruit was either totally

destroyed, or, at all events, much enfeebled; and even if an invariable consequence, still it would not in any way affect the statement made relative to the independent power possessed by fungi in originating decay. And again, if these were proved not to do this, they would still be of as much importance in a practical point of view as ever, since when inserted into fruit which is undergoing spontaneous decay, they produce marked and rapid effects, and speedily ensure its complete destruction. In conclusion, he stated that the apples employed in the experiments were of an exceedingly firm description, and that an equal number of each were inoculated with the sporules and with decayed matter.

Dr. Edward Jenner having again forwarded some beautiful specimens of *Fragilaria pectinalis* and *Diatoma flocculosum*, and having had his attention directed to a report of the proceedings of the society in which it was said that the specimens before sent were animalcules, transmitted a short paper in reply, in which he states that the objects sent are considered by botanists to belong to *Algae*. By Ehrenberg they are classed with his *Infusoria*, and thought to be animalcules, as he supposes they increase by self-division; but this last fact is not sufficient to remove them from the vegetable kingdom, as many plants, such as the lily, crocus, &c., also increase their species by self-division. Three other genera, *Achanthus*, *Gomphonema*, and *Cocconeum*, which are at present classed by botanists as plants, he considers as doubtful, thinking they may possibly be found to be zoophytes. He also stated that the stomic cells mentioned by Ehrenberg were the endochrome or colouring-matter of the botanist, which, when ripened into sporidia, escapes through an opening in the frustule, being one of the methods by which the species are increased. He also observed that, in the present imperfect state of our knowledge of these objects, great caution ought to be used in advancing any opinion respecting them.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, June 3, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sittings of May 22 and 29. The report of the commission has fully confirmed the results of the analyses of the waters of Vichy by M. Beaudé. The thin flaky brown substance, organic matter, and oxide of iron is deposited equally, whether the water be kept in glass or in the earthenware vessels. The latter contain no lead, their glaze being composed of silica combined with lime, alumina, magnesia, and traces of oxide of iron. The widely spread fears therefore on this subject are groundless.

M. Quatrefages read a memoir on a new kind of gasteropod, for which he proposes the specific name *Eolidina paradoxum*. It was found by him in September last at Saint Vaast la Hougue. It is a small mollusk, about 10 to 15 millimetres long, and of an orange colour; its tissues are perfectly transparent, and the details of its organisation very remarkable. It seems to form a connecting link with other divisions of the animal kingdom, but it is to the anelides that it approaches nearest.

An addition to the family *Hepaticæ*, under the proposed name of *Durinea*, has also been made: and to that of *Oceanides*, among the Medusæ, has also been introduced the *Cladonema radiatum*.

M. Gannal disclosed a new process for making white-lead, which would not be so injurious to the workmen as the one in present use. It is—1st, to divide the lead into grains; 2d,

to divide it indefinitely by friction in a leaden cylinder; 3d, to facilitate the oxidation of this finely divided metal by the introduction of atmospheric air into the apparatus; 4th, to hasten the oxidation by azotic acid; 5th, to carbonise immediately this oxide of lead by employing air charged with carbonic acid; 6th, to wash the product thus obtained; 7th, to hasten the drying by pressure; 8th, to divide the pressed paste into square cakes; 9th, to dry the latter in a stove with a current of heated air. Mr. Gannal says that white paint thus made and used in December 1839 is now as beautiful as when first put on.

M. Jacquelin submitted a mode of giving to fecula, without the aid of roasting or of acids, the property of dissolving in water at 70°, and of preserving this solubility for twelve months.

M. Duvernoy submitted a fossil lower jaw of a large ruminant recently found at Issoudon (Indre), and which he thought must have belonged to a species of giraffe different from that now existing in central Africa. It was discovered at the bottom of a well near an old dungeon of the 12th century, at a depth of 21 metres beneath the soil, together with debris and various utensils, a circumstance which leaves doubtful the question whether or not it had been brought there with the rubble for the well. M. Duvernoy described the characteristics which distinguished this fossil jaw from the jaw of the stag, which it seemed at first somewhat to resemble, and pointed out its chief generic relations to that of the giraffe, the differences being only specific; whence he concluded that it belonged to an extinct species of giraffe smaller than the existing one. He proposed for it the name of the giraffe of Issoudon (*Camelopardalis Bituricum*).

The report of the commission on M. Robert's geological researches was read. The iron ore noticed by M. Robert is disseminated through the gritty clays of Meudon, where the millstone is worked. An analysis gave from 30 to 32 per cent of metallic iron; and its quality is comparable with the granular iron which constitutes the riches of Nivernois and Berry. The high price of wood and coal at Paris scarcely affords a hope that this discovery will be, for a long time at least, beneficial to the industry of France; but it is regarded with great interest by geologists as affording proof that the iron ore of central France belongs to the middle tertiary series or to the miocene period. Ferruginous minerals have been already observed in the Paris basin by M. de Roys, but their identity with those of Berry had not been sufficiently indicated. M. Robert has also found at Meudon, hydrated deutoxide of manganese, the analysis of which is

Red oxide of manganese . . .	0.41
Oxygen and water . . .	0.16
Peroxide of iron . . .	0.10
Clay, sand, and lime . . .	0.32
	0.99

In regard to the palæontology of the Paris basin, M. Robert has discovered a new ossiferous bed, in the centre of the marine limestone of Nanterre and Passy, containing numerous bones mixed with coprolites. These bones are scattered through gritty clay, blackish and laminated, characterised by the presence of a prodigious quantity of shell-fish, and, above all, by an abundance of Saurian teeth. M. de Blainville denied that the tuberculous masses found by M. Robert were coprolites. They contain, however, quantities of the phosphate and urate of lime, which characterise those substances.

M. Busson submitted practically a new method of lighting, for which he employs, without mixture of alcohol, liquid hydro-carburets distilled from coal, lignite, &c. The light is remarkably bright, and is said to be produced considerably cheaper than ordinary gas.

It is stated that the government has purchased the curious museum of mediæval antiquities collected by the late M. Dusommerard.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, June 1st.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Licentiate in Medicine.—W. Wegg, Caius College. *Masters of Arts*.—R. L. Ellis, Trinity College; C. J. Elliott, St. Cath. Hall; C. Williams, R. W. B. Marsh, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Spalding, J. E. Rudd, E. W. Taylor, Trinity College; H. J. Stokes, G. A. Green, G. L. Roberts, St. John's College; B. A. Burton, Magdalene College; T. Wilson, Emmanuel College; J. Watson, Caius College; W. Hildebrand, C. Idle, Clare Hall; J. H. Young, G. Nelson, H. F. Rose, Corpus Christi College; E. Owen, Sidney College; W. G. Royle, J. Wing, J. Oliver, Queen's College; P. V. Robinson, Christ's College.

The Chancellor's Medal.—The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English ode or poem in heroic verse—subject, "Plato"—was adjudged to W. Johnson, scholar of King's College.

The Camden Medal.—The Camden gold medal for the best exercise composed in Latin hexameter verse—subject, "Defectus solis latini lunaque labores"—was adjudged to J. A. Yonge, scholar of King's College.

Sir W. Browne's Medal.—Sir W. Browne's three gold medals for the best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho, for the best Latin ode in imitation of Horace, and for the best Greek and Latin epigrams—the former after the manner of the Anthologia, and the latter after the model of Martial, were adjudged as follows: Greek ode—subject, *Αἰ πάλαι ἄνθρωποι Εὐρυπύλοιο*—to W. G. Clarke, of Trinity College. Latin ode—subject, "Indus fluvius;" and Greek and Latin epigrams—subjects, *Μία χελιδὼν ἰαεὺς οὐ ποιεῖ* and "Una hirundo non facit ver"—to H. J. S. Maine, of Pemb. College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE DRAWINGS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

It affords us great and unfeigned pleasure to state, and that from authorities of such taste and judgment as to be most worthy of public reliance, that the drawings sent in to the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts, and now preparing for exhibition in Westminster Hall, in order to ascertain the competency of British artists to embellish the new Houses of Parliament with fresco-paintings, fully justify the highest opinion entertained of the ability of our native school to meet this occasion. We understand that nearly 150 designs in chalk have been offered in competition; and that, though one-third of them may be deemed failures, there is yet among the other two-thirds many productions of great genius in conception and skill in execution. In short, that the generally have far exceeded the expectations formed by those distinguished artists and connoisseurs who are appointed to judge of their merits. We have reason to suppose that several Royal Academicians are among the candidates; but we believe we may also truly add, that the hand of no individual painter has been recognised in the style of the pictures examined by the commissioners. They are all now

in process of being hung up; and in ten days or a fortnight the exhibition will be opened to the public. If we might presume to suggest to those who have the direction of the affair, we would advise the admission for a week or two to be charged at a shilling, by which a considerable fund would be raised for the encouragement of the arts herein embarked; and afterwards throw the hall open to the public gratuitously. This plan would conduce to more orderly and less crowded assemblages. But, however managed, it is certainly a most gratifying result, to be assured that there need be no call upon Foreign Artists to display their talent upon an English national structure; and that the demand for an almost novel species of ornament, on a grand scale, has been nobly met by our own countrymen.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE must try back, and again bring up our oil-painting lee-way, before we look at miniature, architecture, and sculpture.

No. 12. *The Bay of Naples*. W. Linton.—59. *An Arcadian Study*.—Two of six pleasing Italian and Grecian landscapes by this artist, whose talent has been widely exercised in collecting a charming series of these interesting localities.

No. 31. *A Peasant Girl*. E. U. Eddis.—A natural, sweet, and pretty picture, very much after the manner of Gainsborough; but, besides, portrait, which few artists who wish to live can escape.

No. 280. *Naomi and her daughters-in-law*, by the same, is a group of three figures, which reflects high honour upon his pencil. The females, Naomi, Orpah, and Ruth, are carefully painted, well-disposed in attitude, and expressive in countenance; and the tone of the background and simplicity of the accessories are in fine keeping with the subject.

No. 36. *Portrait of W. G. Campbell, Esq.* H. P. Briggs, R.A.—A capital whole-length of a handsome highland youth. The same very able artist has No. 52. *Portrait of J. H. Hipplesey, Esq.* No. 130. *R. B. de Beauvois, Esq.* No. 216. *Mrs. Malby*; No. 256. *Mrs. G. H. Errington*; and No. 465. *The late Sir J. J. Buxton, bart.*;—all excellent of their kind.

No. 85. *A clever Portrait of W. Allen, Esq.* F.R.S., painted for the British and Foreign School Society by T. F. Dicksee.

No. 109. *A Composition*. J. J. Chalon, R.A.—An exceedingly pleasing general effect in a small compass.

No. 178, by the same. *Gil Blas attending the Robbers in their Cave*, is something of phantasmagoria, but when looked into is full of action and character.

No. 183. *Sir R. de Coverley and the Spectator go hunting*. R. B. Davis.—In costume and treatment a fair representation of the text; but we do not think Mr. Davis excels in dogs, and the pack has rather run away from him.

No. 206. *Portrait of Sir George Murray*. J. P. Knight, A.—A most creditable specimen of Mr. Knight's easel, at once subdued and brilliant. No. 150. *A Lady in black satin* is not less deserving of praise; and there are several other proofs of his professional improvement. His *John Knox* we have already noticed.

No. 207. *A Squall off Boulogne*. J. Wilson.—A clever sea-piece, both water and sky ably painted.

No. 226. *Portrait of J. Gibson, R.A.* E. D. Leaky.—A striking and intellectual head of the eminent artist, executed by his compatriot at Rome.

No. 231. *Portrait of the Marquis of Tweeddale*. J. Watson Gordon, A.—A plain whole-length in uniform, and one of three portraits of which the Edinburgh School may be "vaunt."

No. 257. *The Little Roamer* ("her path mid flowers"). R. Rodwell.—A charming girl, in a charming place, and an admirable piece of colouring throughout. No. 379. *Portrait of a Gentleman*; 555. *Mrs. Cuppage*; 556. *Lord Plunkett*; and 1243. *Dr. Heberden*;—are excellent likenesses, also by Mr. Rodwell, and painted in finished and effective manner.

No. 322. *Portraits of three Ladies*. J. P. Davis.—Rather high up, but well grouped, and apparently well coloured.

No. 339. *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*. J. R. Herbert, A.—As a composition we like the treatment of this sacred subject; but we cannot like the expression of the heads, either in the Christ or woman.

No. 362. *Passing the Cross: Brittany*. F. Goodall.—A rather agreeable representation of the veneration with which a party of French peasants pass the holy cross; but hung too low for observation.

No. 377. *The Sepulchre*. M. Claxton.—More ambitious, we fear, than successful. The dead Christ can hardly be reconciled to anatomical correctness, and the angels are sad leaden and sombre coloured substantialities.

No. 396. *Portrait of Mrs. W. Jackson*. T. H. Illidge.—A very clever whole-length. The dress in capital style.

No. 417. *The Children of Lord Clinton*. Mrs. J. Robertson.—Such a lot of them! Nos. 425, 426, &c. Other able portraits by the same.

No. 427. *Portrait of Ambrose Hussay, Esq., Wilts.* Mrs. W. Carpenter.—In full dress as high sheriff of the county, and in Mrs. Carpenter's best style; that is to say, a style which is an honour to female art. The same remark applies equally to her other productions in the gallery.

In the three principal Rooms and Octagon, to which we have hitherto confined our critique, there are numerous small pictures, which have little chance of being distinguished amid the glare of an exhibition, however carefully we may seek them; and many so high up and so low down, that no eye can reach the one, or back can stoop to the other. We must therefore be forgiven for all unintentional "passovers."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR

LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON XXII.

Wines!!! and Spirits!!! The Trade exemplified by a "sad eventful history."

Aunt M. My personal acquaintance with wines and wine-drinking being limited, I cannot but feel gratified that my endeavour to expose the frauds practised in regard to a few of the more common sorts should be extended to the many varieties now sold in our markets by the aid of a practically and perfectly well informed ally.

Phi. A lie?

Aunt M. Yes, a London lie, or rather congeries of lies and adulterations.

Pri. Who first made wine?

Aunt M. The Greeks and Romans drank it in, very ancient times; witness the Lesbian and Chian of the former, and the Falernian and Cecuban among the latter; but as the vine is indigenous in Persia, it is probable that the first wine was made in Asia.*

* Among a number of fictions relating to the first discovery of wine, the following, from the works of

Pri. But I have read of it earlier than this in the Bible.

Aunt M. Yes, the invention is given to Noah; and Hosea speaks of the wine of Lebanon as being very fragrant. The art of making wine from rice is ascribed by the Chinese to their king Ching Nong about 1998* years before Christ; and almost all the classical, especially the poetical, authorities declare that it was brought from India by Bacchus.

Pri. Well, then?

Aunt M. We are not sure of the natural production from which a fermented liquor was made; and I am really too bad an antiquary to tell you any more about it.

Phi. O, beg pardon! pray come down to times and wines better known.

Aunt M. Thank you! I shall begin soon enough when I mention to you that in the reign of Henry VI., A.D. 1427, a hundred and fifty butts and pipes were condemned, for being adulterated, to be staved and emptied into the gutters, by *Rainwell* (a fitting name), lord mayor of London, though it then cost the enormous price of twelve shillings the pipe.

Phi. So soon did imposition commence!

Aunt M. And has been most diligently improved upon since.

Pri. On all hands.

Aunt M. Doubtless; for there are—

1. The dishonest practices of the wholesale wine trade;

2. The adulteration and tricks of the retail dealers; and

3. The frauds practised by the dealers in spirits.

All which suggest that the best means should be adopted for protecting the revenue and the public from these impositions.

Phi. This is the text and comment of your new informant.

Aunt M. In elucidating the first point, he says, we cannot do better than cite the case of a young man setting up in the wine-trade at "the West-End" with a small capital, and state the tricks that will soon be put upon him by certain wholesale city-houses, well known in the trade for such practices; so that the young beginner may consider himself lucky if he can

Sir J. Malcolm, may be quoted as at least amusing:—"Jemshed (the Persian emperor, who founded Persopolis) was the first who discovered wine. He was immediately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented; their juice was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous: he had some bottles filled with it, and *poison* written upon each: these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headaches; the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death; observing a bottle with *poison* written on it, she took it, and swallowed the contents. The wine—for such it had become—overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the dose so often that the king's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess when she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemshed and all his court drank of the new beverage, which to this day is known in Persia by the name of Zeher-e-koosh, or the delightful poison."

* It is good to be particular, and not lump it at 2000 years; and this remark affords us the opportunity of doing justice to a volume to which we very frequently refer when in want of accurate information, and which we ought to have warmly recommended to the public many months ago. We allude to Joseph Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, an octavo volume, published by E. Moxon, and of quite extraordinary value for well-arranged information upon almost every subject of inquiry. It is, indeed, a publication which cannot be too much prized. To whomsoever this slight and tardy notice may be an inducement to possess it, we are confident they will thank the *Literary Gazette* for calling their attention to so useful and excellent a work.—*Ed. L. G.*

buy his experience in time to escape from their clutches before absolute ruin has overtaken him.

Phi. Explain!

Aunt M. Hardly has our young "merchant" installed himself in his counting-house before these harpies (having previously taken good care to inform themselves of his ways and means) flock to him with smiling faces and the most oily civilities, proffering him all sorts of disinterested advice and assistance, and offering him the most tempting accommodations, if allowed the pleasure—the honour—of putting him upon their books.

Phi. He bites!

Aunt M. It is most likely; and is caught and hauled in by the liberal firm of such high eminence and standing to pay them a visit in the city; whereto some friend or acquaintance, already in their clutches, is probably employed to hasten him.

Pri. A dangerous visit, I fear.

Aunt M. In their sample-room, and afterwards in their cellars and in the docks, he is made to taste a vast number of wines, in order to give him a proper idea of their immense stock, and consequently of the importance of his new connexion.

Pri. Yet all this might be fairly done.

Aunt M. The fair dealers will not adopt such courses, though the outward appearances may partially agree.

Phi. But go on with the trap.

Aunt M. When supposed to be thoroughly imbued with the feeling of admiration, he is solicited to buy certain Ports and Sherries, on which the duties have been paid, and at his own choice as to the length of credit. These he is assured are the very articles for his trade, and cannot fail to establish his reputation for cheap and genuine wines.

Pri. One could not resist such an offer.

Aunt M. If prudence whisper to him that the purchase is too large for his capital, he is told that the period of payment is no object, and that it is not wished even to draw upon him for the amount of his invoice. He is to suit his own convenience; all that is wanted being to rank such a promising young firm among their customers.

Pri. Well, surely he might turn this to profit?

Aunt M. He is saddled with a stock of wine far exceeding the demands of the trade he can reasonably expect; still, however, his city friends are constant in their visits, and kind as ever, their object being as well to watch what trade he is doing, as to prevent the intrusion of a rival, and he is induced to make further purchases on the same plan, according as circumstances may appear to warrant the extent of credit. Proceeding upon the true principles of angling, when the victim is deemed to be fairly hooked, he is then played with, or rather upon, in the following approved fashion:—One fine morning his kind creditor will make his appearance with a long face, and taking him aside, inform him that his house being, from numerous disappointments, temporarily short, they have been obliged to draw upon him for the whole of his account at a short date, but they have no doubt, should it not be convenient for him to meet the bill when due, that they will be able to assist him in taking it up and renewing it or any part. Relying on this the bill is accepted, and our young man thinks little more about it, until a note, received a few days before his acceptance falls due, informing him that they are sorry they shall not be able to assist him in taking it up, and therefore rely upon his doing so, and shall be able, and of

course willing, to assist him afterwards, wakes him to the reality of his situation. Unable to meet it, he hastens into the city, to see what can be done, and at length succeeds in getting the house to advance him the sum in which he is deficient, but not until they have saddled him with some more "bargains," which he cannot avoid taking, and which still keep him as much as, or more, in their power than ever. He may now be considered as completely in their meshes, and from this moment his business consists in palming upon his connexion and the public the cheap and made-up wines incessantly "stuck into him" (the professional term) by his patrons. These wines consist generally of inferior sherries, often mixed with Marsala or Cape, and racked into casks which have contained wine of a high quality, and having on them the brands or distinguishing marks peculiar to Duff Gordon, Martinez, or any other well-known house. Port wines, cheapened by plentiful doses of Spanish red or Figuera wine, and Pontac (the red wine from the Cape), are sold to him at the prices current for the genuine article, till at last the victim finds that all his cash has been paid into the hands of the city house, and that he has in its stead a quantity of trashy wines; and for even these, is still indebted for the greater part. If he should chance to have a good private connexion, and among them not too many *real* judges of wine, he will contrive to struggle on some time longer, at which his kind friends cannot fail of being pleased, seeing that he is working for their exclusive benefit, and has become an important channel for the sale of their iniquitous compounds, at to them highly remunerative prices; but, sooner or later, this pleasant state of things must have an end, and it is to be prepared for this that their ingenuity is exerted. Proper occasion is now taken upon the non-payment of a bill, which they will not otherwise renew, to put on the screw, and, by a judicious mixture of threats for the present and kind promises for the future, they at last succeed in obtaining from the victim an assignment of the lease of his premises, stock in trade, &c.,—in short, all they can wring from him—as security for their account. This accomplished, he is now indirectly advised to transfer his orders to other houses, which is easily effected through a wine-broker; and, should a reference be necessary, care is taken that this shall not be wanting; and in this manner the party, although to all intents and purposes already insolvent, but too commonly succeeds in making large purchases—of course for credit. The best of this new supply finds its way into the hands of his original creditors as security; and, by converting the remainder into cash at a ruinous sacrifice, by loans from friends, or raising money at any per centage, the wine-merchant manages to keep on his legs perhaps a few months longer, to fail at last, with scarcely a shilling left for his *bona fide* creditors.

Phi. And this is one of the sources from which we hear of such monstrous quantities of monstrous stuff being poured upon the consumer every where under the name of wine!

PLAGUE-LEGENDS.

In the popular superstitions of the middle ages pestilences were supposed to arise from supernatural agency. This superstition is still preserved in some parts of Europe, and particularly in those which are at times visited by the plague. People believe that a female is seen, riding like a witch, and strewing corn, or some kind of grain, about her as she goes, and

this grain is supposed to be connected with the subsequent pestilence. When the cholera committed such fearful ravages in Russia in the year 1830, the people of Haltschinjetz, in the Ukraine, escaped the visitation. According to their superstitious belief, the approach of the pestilence was preceded by a female figure, pale as death, seated in a carriage, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by riders in all sorts of uncouth forms, and who, as she went, scattered seeds of corn to the right and left. The following extracts from letters (now before our eyes) of the year 1630, when the plague was devastating many parts of Europe, afford a curious illustration of this superstition as it existed in another part of the world:—

"27 October, 1630.

"He telles moreover of a wonder, if, as he says, it be real, and not some invention, viz. the Venetian ambassador at London hath a letter from Venice, wherewith he acquainted on Sunday was sennight our king and queens majesties, and also the lords. The copie whereof the Dr. saw 2 dayes before his writing, but his freind could not spare it to be transcribed; but the effect he saith was this: That one came riding into the cittie of Millane in a rich coach, with 6 delicate horses for feature and colour as nature could afford, together with 12 pages and other attendants, to the number of 40, bravely attyred. He rode directly to the gates of a prime pallace there (the owner and his familie being at his country-house), which, although fast barred and locked up, did of themselves fly open unto him, where he entred, lodged, and dyeted. The senate, understanding thereof, sent to commit him, who went with the officers to the prison, but thence vanished from them to his lodging. After that he was by the senate and the bishop sent unto to come unto them into the cathedrall church; he answered, they had no power to send for him, yet would come so they provided a cloth and chaire of estate for him according to his dignitie, which they accordingly doing he came. Being come, the bishop adured him to answer his demands; some few whereof he did, discoursing deeply of the blessed Trinity; but would not answer all, saying he was a greater person then any of them all, and therefore if they would know more of him they must send for an higher authority, who thereupon sent unto the pope for his authority to examine him, who he is, whence he came, and what he would? He styles himselfe Prince Mammon.

"The owner of the house, when he heard thereof, came in great hast and fury to eject him for taking his house without his leave; but being come in, and finding him sitt at table with such gravitie, and so nobly attended, his outrageous anger was soone changed into meekness and love; so that going unto him he bad him welcome to his house, was glad he had one fitt for him, which he might use during his pleasure. Mammon thanked him, rose up, took him by the hand to the window, and there gave him a small glasse of water, one drop whereof in wine taken, he sayd, would preserve from the plague, or recover such as have it if they beleve in him, otherwise they should dye. He is as if about 40 years old, with a square brownish beard, as is his skin, neither white nor black, and of a settled grave countenance. Many of the merchants also have letters of wonder, with some different circumstances."

"27 November, 1630.

"Other newes Mr. P. sent me in a book, which I send likewise to you, where you shall here some more newes of Prince Mammon, as the title tells you; but within is nobody named

but the devil. I saw and read the other book of Pr. Mammon, where is related his springling of dust in Millaine, whereby he caused so many to dye of the plague there, as that day he was summoned to the great church by the bishop and the senate 7000. I tell you it not that you should beleave any more then your share."

In a subsequent letter the writer gravely states that this story had been ascertained not to be true; but that the circumstance of the plague having been caused intentionally by the sprinkling of certain dust about the city was not doubted.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—There has been an appearance here like to the comet, one night visible and again lost to view. The transitory stranger was a Spanish dancer, with all the warmth and grace of her countrywomen. Her style of dancing was quite different to any hitherto seen at the Opera; she is more the child of nature than of art, even to the primitive straight-foot tread like to the Red Indian so lauded by Catlin.

Drury Lane Theatre.—Circumstances have led to this house being kept open a week longer than was announced; and yesterday that most clever and versatile actress, Miss P. Horton, was to take a benefit, productive, we trust, as her popularity merits. On Monday, *Macbeth* is advertised to close the season, and, we lament to add, coupled with a notification that it is the last appearance of Mr. Macready before a London audience for a considerable time.* His liberal and enlightened effort to redeem the national drama from the abyss in which it was plunged, and place it on the elevation it ought to occupy among a decorous and civilised people, deserved a better reward than any loss of time and fortune. But though public feeling has gone strongly with him, public support has not kept pace with it. The court strangely set an example of (to borrow a vile Yankee phrase) *repudiation*; and the diversion of a very successful opera season, and various other causes, all conspired to render the attractions of Drury Lane less influential than assuredly they ought to have been. But so it is; and it is to be deeply regretted, both for the sake of the lessee and of the British stage. A suggestion which has been thrown out by a correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, whether, by opening season subscriptions, as at Her Majesty's Theatre, this last hold of Shakspeare and dramatic literature may not be preserved to us, with Macready at the head of it, seems deserving of consideration; at all events, we trust that some means may be devised to avert the losses with which we are threatened.

Haymarket Theatre.—A new single-act piece, called *The Double-Bedded Room*, has been played here during the week to the laughing holiday-folks. It is full of fun, but of that broad character which the good acting of Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Humby, and of Mr. Farren and Mr. Strickland, alone makes tolerable.

Comic Encouragement of the Drama.—Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, has offered a premium of 500*l.* for the best comedy that shall be written for him before next New-Year's day. The competition is to be secret, the judges impartial, and every thing according to judgment and justice.

New Strand Theatre.—This little theatre, tastefully redecored, was opened for the summer season on Monday, under the lesseeship of Mr. Maywood. Two new pieces, *Love's Labyrinth* and *The Rights of Woman*; a new ballet, *Sylpha and Sylvius*; and the *début* of two provincial performers, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, hold out promise of good catering and spirited management. The strength of the company was exhibited in the cast of the *Rights of Woman*, which included the names of Maywood, Granby, Balls, Binge, Wigan, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Ellen Daly. The principal business of the burletta devolved on Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Maywood, who played admirably: they were well supported by the others; and the "rights of woman" were admitted unanimously. To give a notion of the three-act piece, we may mention the subject wherein its chief interest lies. An old baronet, a Scot and a woman-hater, tamed and humanised by the loveliest and cleverest of landladies. *Sir Andrew Burley* could not have had a more characteristic representative than Mr. Maywood; and who so capable as Mrs. Stirling (on or off the stage) of smoothing the asperities or softening man's harsh and rugged nature? Of the new introductions to the London stage, we predict for Mr. Walton public favour, if he be not above careful study. He has somewhat of the appearance and manner of poor John Reeve; need we say more? Mrs. Walton is a quiet actress; but we reserve farther comment until we see her again.

Mr. T. Mudie's concluding concert, and Miss Binckes' concert, on Thursday morning and evening, at the Queen's Concert-Room and at the Hanover Square Rooms, were numerous attended, the latter almost to inconvenience. Mr. Mudie's series were given chiefly with the laudable purpose of bringing forward the works of English composers, and have been completely successful. "Retrospection," a song by Mr. Mudie, and "The Wandering Wind," a duet by Mr. E. Loder, on Thursday, were sweet compositions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET WRITTEN IN RETIREMENT.

REST, rest awhile, thou ever-busy brain;
Thou heart, too quick replying, rest awhile;
Forget for once the world's vain joy and pain,
Heed only Nature's frown or Nature's smile.
Watch ye the clouds, less changeable than men's praise;
The winds, whose fickleness may fail to wound;
The sun, whose wrath is ne'er of many days;
The earth, who scatters unthought blessings round.
Fret not that one is happy, one is great;
Mourn not o'er broken hopes and baffled schemes;
Believe the appointed is the kindest fate,
And sacrifice to faith your first-born dreams.
Pause as the way-worn pilgrim at the source,
Then with new strength resume your onward course.

VARIETIES.

The British Association.—The present unsettled and unsatisfactory state of Ireland, if not altered before the month of August (as is earnestly to be desired), is likely to produce a bad effect upon the appointed meeting of the British Association at Cork. Whatever Agitation may ultimately produce, it is but too true that during its reign its effect is to impoverish, paralyse, and injure. The expenditure of many thousands and pounds may be kept away from Cork and the adjacent resorts to Killarney, by this unfortunate aspect of affairs, not to mention the benefits of science and the cultivation of many national improvements.

Daguerreotype.—During a recent visit to the Adelaide Gallery we dwelt with pleasure over the advancement in the photographic art. By mechanical improvement, M. Claudet possesses an apparatus by means of which he is enabled to take portraits of greatly enlarged size. The rays of light are reflected from the sitter, placed at a distance of 24 feet from the camera, almost in parallelism to a surface of 8 inches by 6. Thereon is the picture produced as speedily and as truthfully as in the case of the smaller daguerreotype. Those who have examined one of the latter through a glass of high magnifying power may have some slight idea of the beauty and faithfulness of the large portraits, in which moreover much of the objectionable metallic hue is lost.

Shakspeare.—Some interesting discoveries relating to Shakspeare and his family have been transmitted from Warwickshire to the London Shakspeare Society, and confided to the charge of Sir F. Madden and Mr. John Bruce for publication. They are said, *inter alia*, to trace the poet's father, John, and his mother, from Snittersfield to Stratford, and to establish the fact that the former, as justice of the peace and bailiff of Stratford, could not write his name, and consequently made his mark. In 1577 he was in difficulties; and in 1579, with his wife, sold property in Snittersfield to Robert Webbe. In 1597 it appears that William Shakspeare of Chapel Street ward had ten quarters of malt in his possession, probably raised on his own land, and, at any rate, malted on his premises. Other papers relate to his purchase of tithes, &c., and some extend to a date beyond the poet's death, and refer to his surviving relatives.

Calico-Printing.—Reports are afloat of new methods of printing calico patterns, by means of metallic forms, acted upon by a particular acid; and another by laying the colours in oils. By the former galvanic process, drying would be nearly abolished, as it would, indeed, by the latter, if mineral colours are used.

Madame Laffarge.—An interesting account of this woman of romance and misery, or crime, has been published in the French journals. It represents her in her prison as a pious penitent, retiring from observation, and conducting herself in the most becoming manner in every sad relation of circumstances.

The Comet at Burmah.—March 15. The comet has caused much sensation here. The Mughls consider it to be the harbinger of Divine vengeance; and they declare that the war with the Burmese, or a rebellion in the country, is soon to happen. This comet, they say, is one which they never before have seen—the tail being longer than that of any others which have preceded it, as far as the oldest inhabitants can recollect. The science of astrology is held in high repute by the Arracanese. The astrologers have divided the comets into certain orders, each presaging a different calamity; but the poor fellows are scratching their heads to find out to which of the classes this one belongs.—*Indian Journal.*

Mofussil Rain.—A strange yellow liquid has rained lately at Futtehpore, Sicree. The matter adhered to the fingers when touched, and dyed the ground where it fell.—*Ibid.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Essays on Partial Derangement of the Mind in supposed connexion with Religion, by the late J. Cheyne, M.D., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—*Legendary Rhymes, and other Poems*, by Mary A. E. Charnock, fep. 8vo, 6s. 6d. cl.—

* Since writing, we are glad to see it announced that Her Majesty has commanded the entertainments for Monday (better late than never), and that consequently the theatre will be open till Wednesday inclusive. We trust it may be longer, and to the advantage of the lessee.—*Ed. L. G.*

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1843.	h. m. s.	1843.	h. m. s.
June 10 . . .	11 58 58.1	June 14 . . .	11 59 46.1
11 . . .	59 9.8	15 . . .	59 58.6
19 . . .	59 21.7	16 . . .	12 0 12.2
13 . . .	59 33.8		

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To A. B. C. "Were" is the correct grammar.

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By order of the Senate,

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Somerset House, 1st June, 1843.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

Whitehall, 26th May, 1843.

Her Majesty's Commissioners hereby give notice:—

1. That whereas various Statues in Bronze and in Marble, of British Sovereigns and illustrious Personages, will be required for the Decoration of the New Palace at Westminster, Artists are invited to send Models to be exhibited for the purpose of assisting the Commissioners in the selection of sculptures to be employed.

2. The Models are to be sent in the course of the first week in June, 1844, to a place of exhibition hereafter to be appointed.

3. The specimen, or specimens, not exceeding two in number, to be sent by each Artist, may be either prepared for the occasion, or selected from works already executed by him within five years prior to the date of this notice.

4. The works may be ideal or Portrait Statues, or Groups, but not busts. The subjects are to be at the choice of the Artists. The materials to be used are to be such as are commonly used for Models and Casts. The dimensions are to be on the scale of an erect human figure, not less than three nor more than six feet.

5. The invitation to send works for the proposed exhibition is confined to British Artists, including foreigners who may have resided in Great Britain or the United Kingdom.

6. Artists who propose to exhibit are required to signify their intention to the Secretary on or before the 15th of March, 1844.

By command of the Commissioners,

C. L. EASTLAKE, Secretary.

THE SECOND CHORAL MEETING of the UPPER SINGING SCHOOLS assembling at EXETER HALL, under the sanction and approval of the Committee of Council on Education, and instructed by Mr. JOHN HULLAN and his Assistants on the Method of WILHELM, will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 21, at EXETER HALL, at Eight o'Clock precisely.

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